MEN Y

VOLUME 55 NUMBER 12 £1.75

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

Austria AS 80
France 39 Francs
Italy 8500 Lire
Germany DM 20
Spain 650 Ptas
Belgium 236 B. Fra

FL 10.90

HUGE DYNAMIC TAUT THRUSTING WOBBLESOME WINTER WARMERAMA PACKED WITH BIG FRIENDLY GIRLS FOR DARK STEAMY WINTER NIGHTS

BOUNCY-BOUNCY: BONKING IN MOTORS IS BACK

COVERGIRL LARA NUDE!

NUT ROASTING GUIDE: THE BURNING ISSUE

11
9 770025 921000

IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW

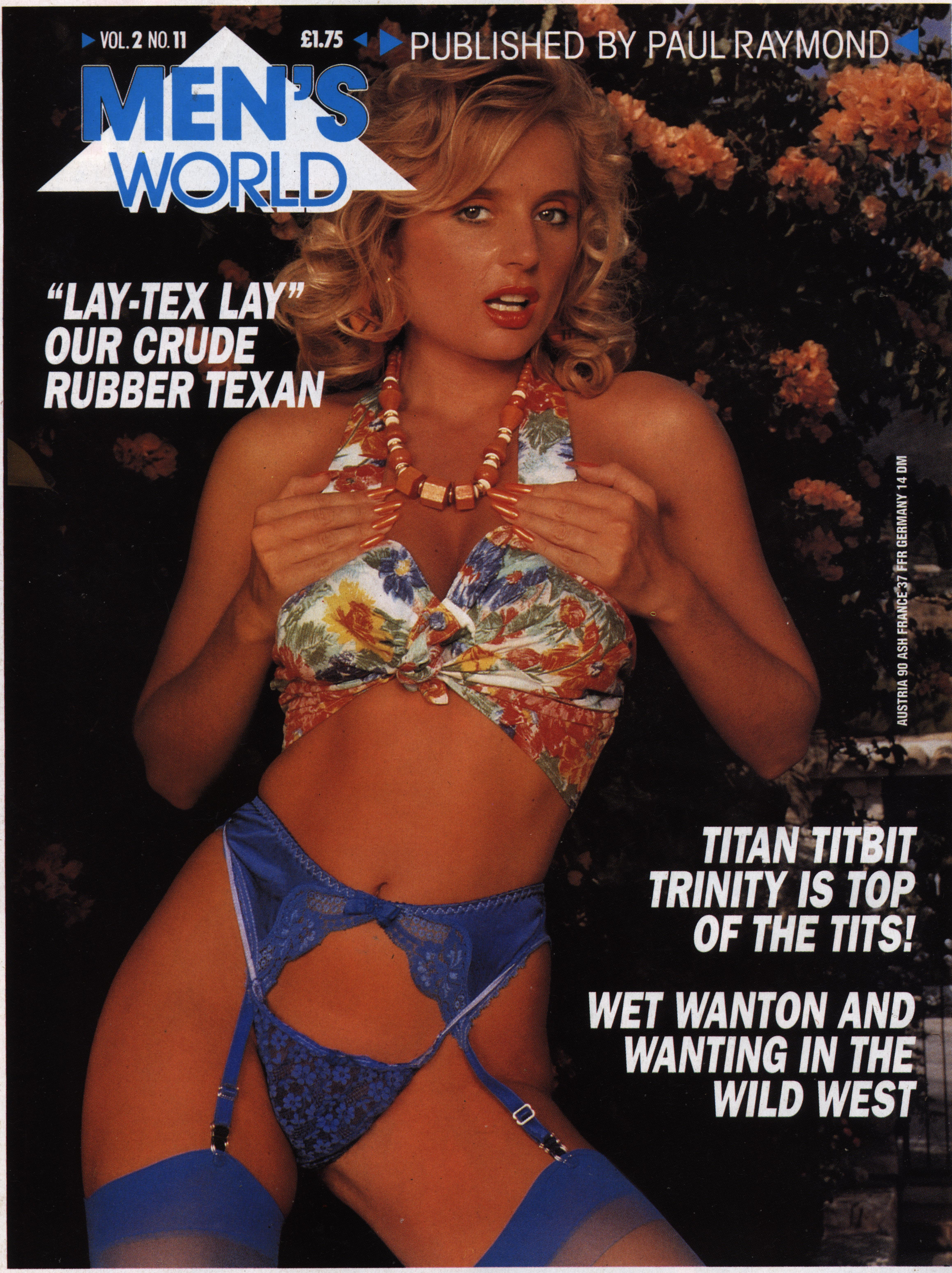
VOL. 2 NO. 11 £1.75 PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

MEN'S WORLD

"LAY-TEX LAY" OUR CRUDE RUBBER TEXAN

TITAN TITBIT TRINITY IS TOP OF THE TITS!

WET WANTON AND WANTING IN THE WILD WEST



AUSTRIA 90 ASH FRANCE 37 FFR GERMANY 14 DM

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MENS MAGAZINES. GOT IT? THEN GET IT.

IT'S EVERYTHING YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF, THE TOTALLY NEW CONCEPT IN MENS MAGAZINES. GOT IT? THEN GET IT.

IT'S WHAMMY, IT'S WOW, IT'S MEGA HUGE, IT'S ON SALE NOW

MEN ONLY

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND

Publisher **Paul Raymond**; Editor **Nevile Player**; Assistant Editor **Debbie Raymond**; Chief Executive & Legal Adviser **Carl Snitcher**; Group Art Director **Jane Holbrey**; Production Editor **Karen Malcherczyk**; Associate Art Editor **Mark O'Neill**; Designers **Dan Newman, Pete Ridley, Rowan Grant**; Circulation Director **Mike Stall**; Advertisement Director **James Macleod**; Classified Adverts **Deirdre Doyle**

VOLUME 55 NUMBER 12

CONTENTS

BLAH! 4

THE DONE THING *The Rev. Giles Uttoxeter* 5

BRRM . . . BRRM! *Mortimer Wheeltrim* 6

GOTCHA! 7

QUIZZLE 11

AWA THE JOBBIE *The McTullock of Tools* 12

MICHELLE *Ralph Medland* 13

VIDEO NAUGHTIES *Ned Twinky* 18

CAPTAIN PUGWASH 19

FUTILE SEX *Halter Warris* 20

TOUPE NEWS *Rupert Daines* 20

CLAUDIA *Jack Harrison* 21

DOUBLE VISION 27

WHAT FUTURE? *Burt Chrome* 27

ANNE *Joanie Allum* 28

QUESTION MARK CORNER 33

KATE *Joanie Allum* 34

POTRY CORNER 41

LARA *Jack Harrison* 42

THE BIG HEAT *Elk Martin* 52

ANDREA *Jean Rougeron* 55

KIM *Joanie Allum* 63

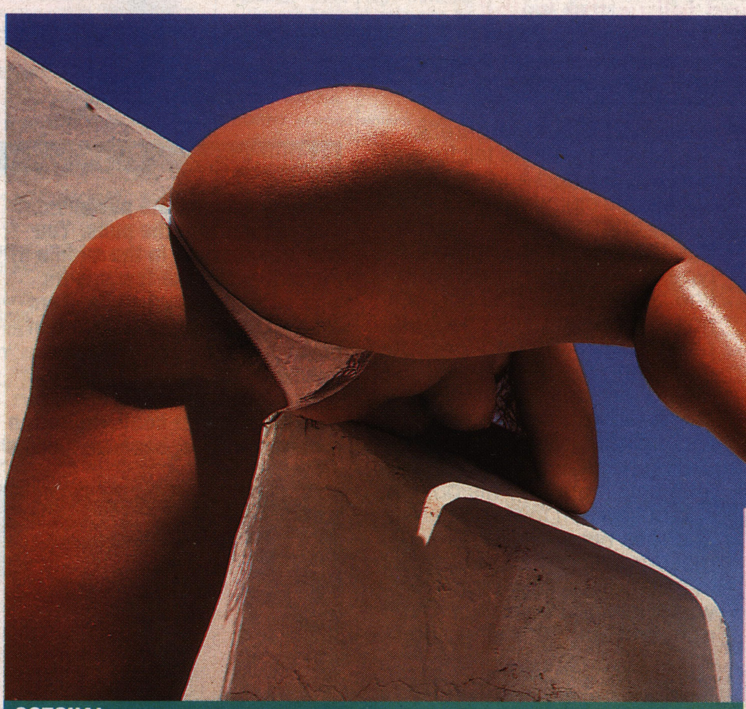
YOURS SINFULLY 68

MY CONFESSION 78

DONNA *Joanie Allum* 90

CLASSIFIEDS 95

Published by Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE (Tel: 071-734 9191). Bureau Services by Print Origination, Aldershot, Hampshire. Colour by Colorscan, High Wycombe. Printed Web Offset by HunterPrint Group plc. Fiction: all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead. This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely that it shall not without written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of £1.75, and it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever or sold to anyone under the age of 18. Editeur responsable pour la Belgique: M.D. Sharrock, Avenue de la Toison d'Or 23, Boite 14, 1050 Bruxelles. All contributions, including colour transparencies and photographs, submitted to the magazine are sent at the owner's risk. While every care is taken, neither Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., nor its agents accept liability for loss or damage. Second Class Postage paid at New York Post Office, N.Y. Distributed by Comag, West Drayton, Middlesex. Subscription Service, Alan Wells, Memberline House, Farndon Road, Market Harborough, Leics. LE16 9NR. Tel: (0858) 410510. 15th November, 1990. © Paul Raymond Publications Ltd., 1990.



GOTCHA! 7

DONNA 90

ANDREA 55

It has to be said that we love the winter. Lazing around on sun-drenched beaches is all very well in the imagination, but you end up with sunburn of the cock every time. Not that it matters much because the average girl is also so blistered on the parts the sun rarely reaches that a reassuring hand on the tit makes her jump out of her knickers.

But the pleasures of a British winter are real. The smell of roasted nuts, for example, as we huddle up with this month's models before a raging fire of rejected manuscripts, dud transparencies and the odd photographer who's stepped out of line.

The winter view from our windows is also inspiring. We look down from Raymond Towers to see the traffic wardens shambling through the pissing rain, their shrinking uniforms showing blue stains on their wrists and ankles. Ah bliss!

Then, if you're lucky, it snows. Suddenly all the millions of people who flock into Central London every day stay at home. There are no cars screaming round in circles. You can

MICHELLE 13

MY CONFESSION 78

BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!
BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!
BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

As no one ever believes anything they read in the letters' column, why not let your hair down and tell us the truth?

Love Thy Neighbour

Sir. In the recent spell of warm weather, I was sitting in the garden, thumbing through back copies of *MO*, lingering over my all-time favourite, Jenny (Vol. 54, No. 7), when I heard giggles coming from next door. My neighbour is a lady called Margaret who is a very attractive divorcee in her 40s. She occasionally takes students for private history lessons and earlier I saw two local lads, Richard and John (who were coming up to 'A' levels), going into her house. Curious, I went to the fence and peered through a crack. What I saw nearly made me fall over.

Margaret was standing on her patio, wearing a long skirt and blouse, with the two boys (who were completely naked), both with their cocks sticking up like flagpoles. John's was average-sized, but Richard's must have been a real hit with the local girls (as well as Margaret), for it was all of nine to ten inches and proportionately thick. Margaret couldn't take her eyes off it!

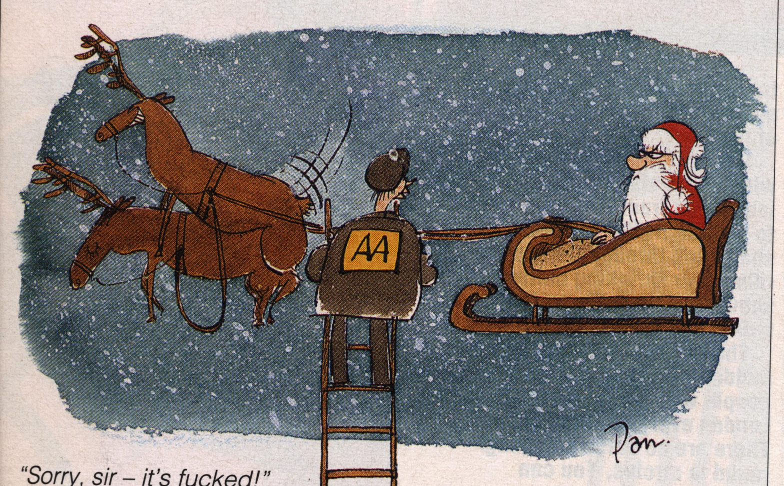
I could only hear snatches of their conversation as Margaret said something like . . . "as we talked about earlier." John stepped behind her and unfastened her skirt. As it dropped to the ground it revealed Margaret wearing white suspenders and stockings and nothing else to cover her bush of dark pubes. At the same time Richard was unbuttoning her blouse and as it, too, fell away, it revealed a bra holding the biggest pair of breasts I have seen outside your magazine.

Still behind her, John unclipped it and Margaret's magnificent breasts fell free. She was flushed and looked absolutely stunning and I was nearly coming in my shorts. She led them both over to the type of wooden sunbed you find by the pools of continental hotels. She sat back on it, her parted legs stretched towards me, giving me a wonderful view of her pussy.

She led John around so he was standing on her left and, sliding her hand between his legs until it gripped his bottom, she pulled him towards her and took his cock in her mouth, pulling him towards her in a steady rhythm. Richard was kneeling beside her to her right and started licking and sucking those gorgeous breasts, as his hand slipped between her legs to explore her pussy. I could see his fingers glistening wet as they slid in and out of her. Margaret dropped her right hand until it found his cock, and as she grasped it I noticed her fingers didn't even stretch halfway round it as she started to toss him off.

Things then happened very quickly. John was furiously ramming his cock into Margaret's mouth. Far from backing off she was meeting each thrust with a thrust of her own directed at Richard's fingers, which were now concentrating on flicking her clitty, as he continued sucking

continued on page 10



"Sorry, sir – it's fucked!"

CLAUDIA 21

actually walk on the pavements! You can get into the pubs. You can play football in the middle of Piccadilly and the few drivers who've made it just smile. Turn off the treadmill for a couple of hours and everyone becomes human again.

And then the models come in wearing huge fur coats (imitation furs, these days, because models are very eco-friendly and contain absolutely no CFCs). Usually they wear a couple of handkerchiefs, because the one thing a model cannot stand is not being looked at. But in winter it has to be the complete cover-up. And it's so sexy! It may seem perverse, maybe it is, but the sight of Debbie, Gaynor *et al* (Al is a new model – 38-22-36) wandering around completely dressed is greeted by an immediate creaking as desks rise on to their hind legs (propelled by pneumatic pressure from below, you understand).

They drape themselves on the designer furniture (which is what we call our two extremely naff leather chairs) and thrust stockinged legs out from ankle-length fur. You can see their ankles, dammit!

Then they slip the coats off and we find they're wearing a couple of handkerchiefs which don't quite cover anything at all and the desks sink back to their natural position. Things are back to normal.

But don't blame the girls. They have to be dressed like that just in case they come across some poor sod suffering from

KATE 34

LARA 42

ANNE 28

hypothermia. Naked women are the best cure and they have to be ready at all times. It's true. A couple of months ago, when we were all white water rafting at Bala Lake, we found a canoeist who'd been in the water for hours. He was in a trance and hardly conscious. We hoiked him out, wrapped him in models and a space blanket, and half an hour later he was barely shivering.

An hour after that, the girls were thinking of chucking him back in to cool off.

So don't be cold this winter. Just open this magazine and feel the heat. There's plenty of warmth in a copy of *Men Only*. At least we hope so as we'll probably be sleeping under a bunch of them when the guv'nor reads this editorial./*The Editors.*

KIM 63

THE • DONE • THING

CHOCCY SPEEDERS

If you have a bijou folly draped artistically over the gentle hillocks of the Mensbits – hard luck! You'll have to marry an estate agent.

> **"Fallen from their high estate . . ."**
>
> *John Dryden*

Of course, he's a common erk, but the new Archbish of Cant is very solid on freckle-punchers. He's got a definite down on cassock-lifters in the pulpit and so, with a resounding chorus of 'where have all the pansies gone?' echoing in his ears, my old sodomite of a bishop has recognised the coming triumph of heterosexuality by giving me my frock back.

I should think so, too! It's about time the public saw a red-blooded man in a skirt again. A symbol of a return to normality!

The Bish dared to defrock me back in '76 for holding the heresy that homosexuality is not normal. Which, seeing normal means 'typical' in any but an ecclesiastical dictionary, was a bit rich. He said it was normal 'amongst homosexuals', which shows the sort of Romish casuistry the Church of the English gentleman had sunk to.

Well, that was the official reason. Of course, it was a personal vendetta against the ruling class, really. More particularly, I believe, because when he 'came out' in the cathedral with the ringing words: "God made me a homosexual," I got up and yelled: "If I give him the wool will he make me one, too?"

SERMON ON THE MOUNT: Now I can preach again! Delivered my first sermon only last Sunday. A thundering condemnation of farm labourers who wear over-size rubber waders around the farm. A dangerous and cruel practice, I believe – the large, loose-fitting tops of these unnatural Wellingtons mean the sheep are able to move their back legs which causes them to struggle in such a way that they may easily do themselves some injury.

Not, I suppose, a subject which touches the heights of spiritual mystery, but one must adapt one's sermonising to the real needs of a simple rural congregation, and three Dorset Shorthorns with dislocated ankles is enough for one month!

ALL MOD CONS: But the damned embarrassing thing happened when I wound up to the grand hell-fire finale. The bit that usually runs: 'It is written: If thou doeth such doings, then shalt thou be cast in the stygian pit to roast everlastingly in the eternal flames.'

All good stuff, eh? But not this time.

Partly my fault; I get to day-dreaming in the pulpit and I was reading on auto-pilot while thinking on the shining path of tiny gold hairs that run down between the pert, curvaceous buttocks, of my new Palomino mare, when I heard myself saying: "If thou doest such doings, then shalt thou be bowled over by this interesting, eco-friendly, ultra modern sunken dwelling with integral geothermic central heating."

From which, gentlemen, you will gather that Ms. Rachmann, my new secretary, is an estate agent fallen on hard times.

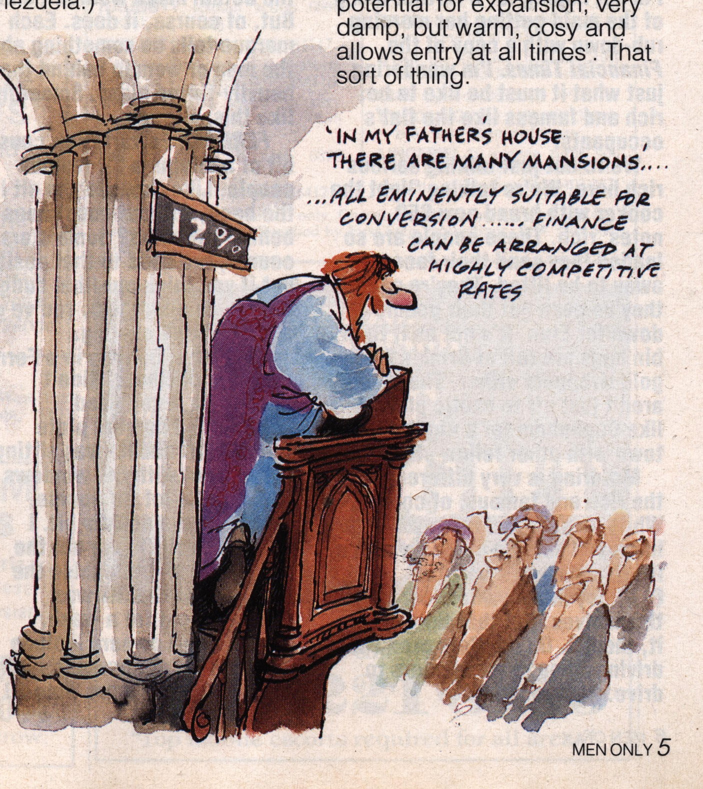
GENTLEMEN'S SECS: I always swore I'd never have an estate agent in the house again, after Bunce and Bunce sold me that damn cottage at twice its value and bunked in their Porsches with the money before I found out it already belonged to me. Never caught a glimpse of their striped shirts and red braces again. (Ironically, they met their end in a shooting accident. Unfortunate incident that occurred when my head keeper was holidaying in Venezuela.)

The thing is you can get them so cheap these days and they'll do *anything* for a couple of quid. Now the bottom's fallen out of their vulgar, jumped-up, loadsamoney's-all-that-matters gravy train, they're buggered. Hardly any skills, you see. Ghastly adenoidal voices and frightful suits, bagged in the breast where the mobile phone used to hang. But they lie very well, which is what a gentleman wants of a secretary.

In fact, it's just what any high-powered man – the editor of a national magazine, say – requires of a personal assistant. She is to convince those scourges of masculinity – the duns, creditors, time-wasters, people who want answers and decisions and, above all, the memsahib – that one is busily engaged in some lucrative and worthwhile task and not lying shit-faced drunk between the ample top bollocks of Gladys Ramstraddler.

LIE EASY: Estate agents do it perfectly, once – that is, you manage to convince them they have to do *anything at all* for their money. At first they will hand you a piece of paper bearing their picture and details of their charms fulsomely praised, price themselves at £200,000 and demand three per cent of that for introducing themselves to you.

The simple cure is to give them three per cent of your boot up their bottoms. They quickly catch on. At least the female ones do. Ms. Rachmann, for one, soon saw where the money was and handed me a nude picture of herself with meaningful details of her charms: 'Compact entrance lobby, but with potential for expansion; very damp, but warm, cosy and allows entry at all times'. That sort of thing.


'IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE THERE ARE MANY MANSIONS'...
...ALL EMINENTLY SUITABLE FOR CONVERSION...... FINANCE CAN BE ARRANGED AT HIGHLY COMPETITIVE RATES
12%

Which brings us to the other requirement a gentleman has of a secretary. The personal touch. The cool hand to soothe the fevered brow, unzip the strained pego and hold it steady while enwrapping it with the laughing gear.

The male ones I do not recommend. Bought one for the memsahib's mama, old Lady Stewart. A disaster! Described himself as: 'A noble seat, blessed with the tallest tower in Dorset which has stood firm before all assaults and never been overwhelmed'.

Huh! Turned out to be a spavined chimney which swiftly disintegrated into a pile of rubble after half an hour of what her ladyship (who, I regret to say, was a chorus girl before she married my lord) insists on describing as 'rumpy pumpy'.

FLATTER THAN THAT: Another thing: the estate agent is wonderfully adept at flattery. A gentleman, I know, should always be above the vulgar pleasures that stem from the attentions of a brown nose. But I hold that anyone who believes that arse-licking is unpleasant has never had his arse licked properly.

Any gentleman who has had his pego praised, in the way Ms. Rachmann praised mine, as 'a soaring monument of veined marble filling the sky in a hymn to virility set upon the vast mysterious hillocks of the fashionable Mensbits', will find himself easily parting with 50 guineas.

And that, gentlemen, is without using her considerable powers of exaggeration. The arsehole took more skill: 'The vista opens (she wrote in *The Tatler*) on a deep valley, framed by densely furzed hillocks. But what first takes the eye is the noble pile, set like a throbbing ruby in a scene of extraordinary fecundity, where the natural growth runs wild and fascinating wildlife slithers, squirms and hops through the undergrowth. A tropical paradise, constantly bathed by warm gusts of wind from the south . . .'

One read of that and I had several offers over £400,000 for it! (Couldn't sell, of course, it's almost a part of me.)

Dammit, she even immortalised the skid marks on the long johns! 'The rear opens on to a deep bed of characteristic brown soil, thick with natural goodness'.

WHAT ESTATE! She'll have to go, though. She's standing in the corner of the study as I write – dress held up around her waist, panties around her ankles, waiting for the sound spanking her contract stipulates for little mistakes – like turning a sermon into a comedy script. But it's no good. I'll never get enough scotch down me to soothe the pain in my tennis elbow before I collapse. Always the same. I can't see why the butler can't chastise the servants, but etiquette won't allow it. Meanwhile, I keep waking up and catching an eyeful of bottom, with the result that the pego leaps up and dashes the shot glass from my nerveless grasp.

I'll be sad to see her go. She certainly has a most accommodating situation, capacious facilities in the rear, a charming entrance hall framed with entrancing maidenhair, conveniently close to a fashionable but little-used thoroughfare. Beautifully built by the greatest of all craftsmen. South facing, clad in mellow-tanned local materials with ready access to the separate entrance to the upper storey Offers over £20,000.

A desirable property, indeed.

If only her tits were not *quite* so bijou!/*The Rev. Giles Uttoxeter.*

BRRM • • BRRM!

ROLLER GROTPOT

You can't tell a man by the size of his willy, the clothes he wears or the women he lives in. You can tell him from the car he'll be seen dead in.

Once in a while, during the mid-morning champage break here at work, I gaze wistfully out of the French windows across the sun balcony and pool area towards the penthouse flat opposite. No, I'm not hoping for a further blimp of the maid getting her morning rub-down with a copy of the *Financial Times*. I'm wondering just what it must be like to be rich and famous like the flat's occupants.

We're not just talking serious rich here. We're talking 'light the cooker with brand new £50 notes' rich. These people are so loaded they send their faces away to be lifted. They're so rich they've even got their poodle down for Eton. It's not as if their bin bags are full of Brink's Mat gold wrappers either. These folks aren't just off to exotic places like Dagenham for a night on the town with other fellow stars.

Motoring is very different for the rich and famous, of course. While us poor and merely infamous have to make do with a lift in our mate's Cortina GLX,they have a whole car all to themselves. Not that they drive it, though. Oh no. Cars aren't for driving, they're for minders to drive. Stars don't have chauffeurs, they have personal security advisors (in the same way that Afghanistan had Russian military advisors).

As they're not even driving the things themselves, you'd think the actual make wouldn't matter. But, of course, it does. Each marque tells us something about the man or woman behind the heavily-tinted glass. Something like this:

***FERRARI.* Ferraris can cause a bit of a dilemma for famous people. Like, how do you sit in the back, without your knees behind your ears? Some stars, of course, are used to that position, but if you think our libel budget runs to naming them, you've got another think coming.**

I saw Paul Daniels in a Ferrari once. He obviously didn't want to be recognised because the number plate said MAGIC and he was sitting in the front with the windows down. Not a lot, of course, but they were down a bit. I didn't actually make out the face, but I did recognise the haircut. Perhaps he was sending it out for a wash. Other Ferrari owners include Magnum PI, of course (though how you can do more than 10 miles an hour on a Hawaiian island without falling off the edge, I don't know) and Mick Jagger, who weighed on for a 198mph, 400hp 288GTO and asked if it was automatic so Jerry could drive it. And that's true.

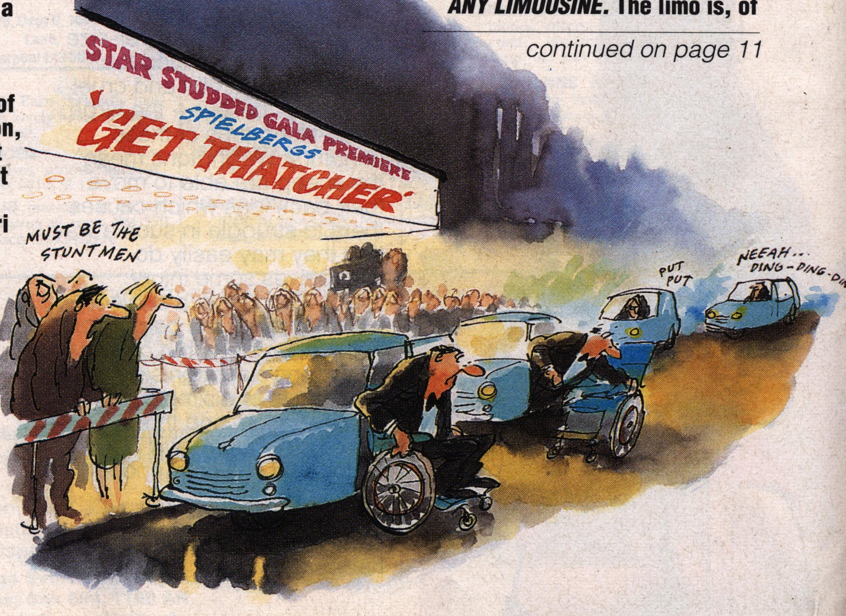
***ROLLS ROYCE.* The ultimate in star transport. Loadsa room, loadsa leather, and loadsa money. Rollers are favoured by soap stars who bag one with their first pay cheque, then realise what a prat you look driving one. Or worse, being driven around in one. Besides, everybody looks at you, so picking your nose is a virtual impossibility.**

Famous users include Jimmy Saville, who likes the self-emptying ashtrays (no word of a lie – they suck the ash on to the road below) and both the Queen and Queen Mother, who, while they may not qualify for the term 'star', never pick their noses, are known to enjoy a crafty fag and can certainly compete with the best when it comes to media attention, jewels, money and big hats.

***CADILLAC.* Favoured by Hollywood, of course, the Cadillac traditionally told the world that you invented Tupperware, so the stars moved over to sophisticated European marques. Naturally, a true Yankie entrepreneur wouldn't be seen dead in one of these and honour was saved. Others, like Redford, Hoffman and Cruise couldn't see over the dash anyway.**

***ANY LIMOUSINE.* The limo is, of**

continued on page 11



GOTCHA!

I brought my violin to the party but nobody asked me to fiddle with myself. In fact, they all said: "Give over, it's bloody embarrassing, Yehudi!"

I mean, a girl's well used to getting home from a party with a well-plastered guy in tow. But all alone on a Greek island with a badly plastered wall for company, what's there to do? Seen all the local studs but, frankly, I wouldn't trust them to keep my shirt-cuffs satisfied. Nothing for it but to close my eyes and think of England (38-23-36).

BLAH!

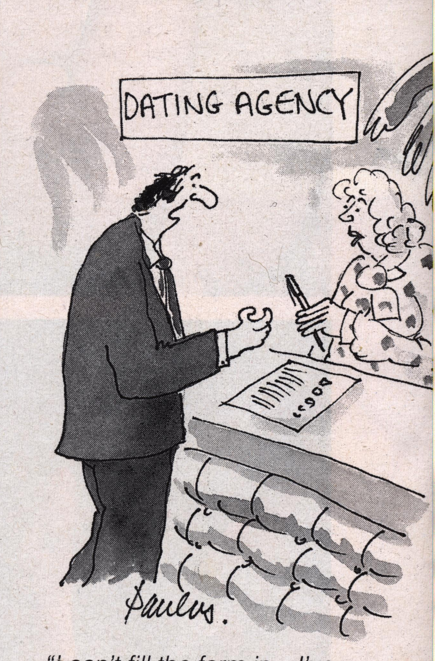
continued from page 4

her nipples alternately. Through a mouthful of John's dong I heard her moaning: "Coming, coming," as her body was shaken with orgasm.

John threw his head back at the same time and I suddenly saw his creamy spunk trickle from the corners of her mouth as she continued to go up and down on him, meeting his urgent thrusts with her eager mouth. With all the experience of youth, he pulled away and sat down exhausted on the end of the sunbed!

Margaret turned her whole attention to Richard, who had now reverted to sliding his fingers in and out her dripping pussy. They started kissing passionately, seemingly unaware that most of Margaret's lips and chin were dripping with John's spunk. God, how I wished I were a teenager again, as well-endowed as Richard!

As if rehearsed (I wondered if they had), Richard climbed on to the sunbed astride Margaret and facing her. She stretched to her left and picked up a bottle of oil of some description and applied a generous amount to her cleavage. Putting the bottle down, she put her arms round Richard and, taking a bottom cheek in each hand, pulled him down on to her until his cock was resting between her breasts. Then, moving her hands over to her breasts, she pushed them gently together



"I can't fill the form in – I've got wanker's cramp."

continued on page 98

continued from page 6

course, the all-time top of the hit parade when it comes to making *The Big Appearance.* The paparazzi are hanging around, the telly's there, the public are squashed behind those barriers they bring out for special occasions like Poll Tax riots, and up you roll. The flashes flash, the crowd oohhs and ahhs and you and your shimmering missus in the mink stole step out of the . . . *Skoda.* It's just not the same, is it? We all know that compared with a sheep, it's marginally worse to be caught getting out of the back of a Skoda, but it's more than that.

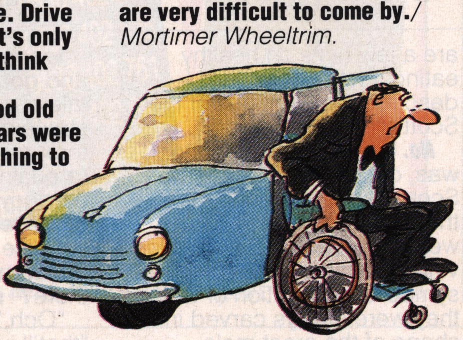
Roll up in the 38-foot Lincoln Continental with bar, jacuzzi, helicopter pad and black glass and you've made an appearance that befits your rôle in society. Adjust your trousers in a knowing manner and it makes all the difference. The funny thing is, everyone knows you only hire limos, but they don't care. Drive up in your own Roller that's only three years old and they think you're a cheapskate.

***LOTUS.* Back in the good old days, when young pop stars were groovy, a Lotus was the thing to have, though I can't actually quote anyone who drove one because I'm far too young, of course. Despite their diminutive size and cramped cockpit, it did prove possible to have sex in one of these cars, and the necessary contortions later became known as the Lotus positon.**

***LAMBORGHINI.* As far as I know, there was no such thing as the Lamgorghini position. Rod Stewart once had a white Countach, of course, but then, what hasn't Rod Steward had?**

***NUMBER 10 BUS.* Favoured by members of Bros and Five Star, the London bus could well catch on as the 'in thing' for the environmentally conscious (or skint) nineties.**

***JOGGING PANTS.* Not strictly motorised, but favoured by Madonna, the girl with more minders on her books than London Weekend Television, jogging pants are also gaining popularity with the pop star set. Madonna's are particularly popular, and like her Italian counterpart, the Ferrari, people certainly wouldn't mind riding in the back, but would prefer to get stuck in the front. Used examples are very difficult to come by./** *Mortimer Wheeltrim.*



QUIZZLE

ANCIENT HORNIES

The old and disabled DO IT too! So we're always told. That's OK. More strength to their varicose-veined knobs. But what do they mean *too*?

1. *Does OAP stand for:*
a) Octogenarians Against Permissiveness?
b) Ogling and Acrobatics Prohibited?
c) Ostracised, Antiquated, and Poor?
d) Obnoxious Absent-minded Prats?
e) Oh Ah . . . Pardon?

2. *Do you generally spend your afternoons:*
a) Dewaxing your hearing-aid?
b) Rubbing Fiery Jack into your walking-frame?
c) Lining your sick cat in greaseproof paper?
d) Attached to a hi-fi listening to Radio 2?
e) Attached to a drip-feed listening to an electrocardiograph?

3. *You're dining alone in an exclusive Parisian restaurant, desperately trying to remember what the French is for 'beans on toast', when a smouldering leggy blonde perches on the side of your tale and flutters her eyelashes at you so hard your vest ripples in the breeze. Do you:*
a) Reckon she's only after your bus pass?
b) Ask her back to your place for Horlicks?
c) Take a heart tablet and decide to stick to meals-on-wheels in future?
d) Tell the garçon you're damned if you can remember ordering a tart?
e) Think it may have been a mistake to hide that French loaf in your trousers?

4. *Saturday night: Having been thrown out of the pub late and missed the last police car home, you're meandering through a strange area when you come upon a pair of bi-focals. Do you:*
a) Sniff them?
b) Let them sniff you?
c) Take the mickey out of them?
d) Take the elastic out of them?
e) Fall over them and dislocate your hip?

5. *You climb on to a typical inner city bus. Half the seats have been taken; the other half have people sitting in them. When they see you, would the other passengers be most likely to:*
a) Offer you their seat?
b) Offer you their old clothes?
c) Thank God they don't have to buy the candles for your birthday cakes?
d) Advise you not to buy a long-distance ticket?
e) Phone the graveyard to enquire if anyone's missing?

6. *You've just had a check-up on the NHS. The specialist removes his inverted wine glass from your chest and says you should consider euthanasia. Do you:*
a) Ask him if you should pack your trunks?
b) Tell him you don't like modern pop groups?
c) Wonder what a book of the Old Testament has got to do with it?
d) Reckon you can pick up a couple of bottles of it cheap at the off licence?
e) Tell him you'd rather die?

7. *If you were given an old age pension, would you be over:*
a) 60?
b) The moon?
c) The hill?
d) Come by embarrassment?
e) To the pub immediately to buy a crisp?

8. *It's 2.30 pm, first thing Sunday morning, and you've just crumbled out of bed and Braille-walked through thick impenetrable daylight to the bathroom. Having shivered, shaved, shampooed, showered and done everything else you can think of beginning with 'sh', you pluck up courage to peer in the mirror, and – GULP! – spot a grey hair. Do you:*
a) Pluck it out, stun it, feed it through the waste-disposal unit, incinerate the bits with a flame-thrower, and cast the ashes into a vat of boiling hydrochloric acid – just to set an example?
b) Resign yourself to the fact that you're growing colour-blind?
c) Feel modern toupees are becoming just a shade too realistic?
d) Realise it's time to admit that wearing your school uniform on public transport just isn't fooling anyone any more?
e) Thank God you've at last got something to match your underpants?

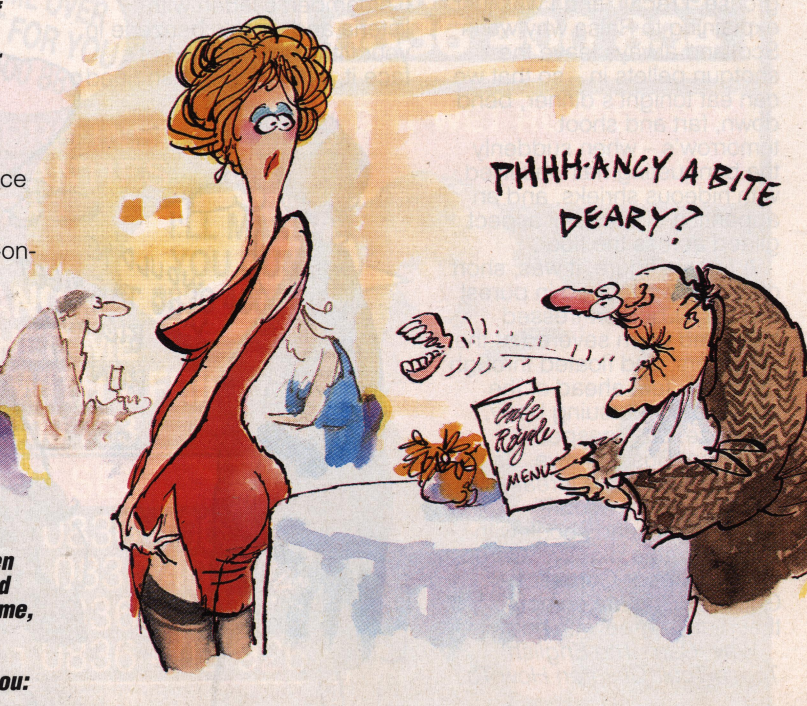
How did you score?

a0 b200 c30 d50 e90

0-5 *Your score and, incidentally, your age. In mental terms, that is.*

10-20 *OK, so you're not exactly an old person. In fact, you're so young, you think liver spots are something a butcher gets on his apron. But when it comes to the old folk in your own family, you always demonstrate a deep understanding of their troubles. You're concerned and caring, helpful and invariably well-behaved. You're also an eldest son with an unhealthy interest in other people's wills.*

25-50 *You've had a long and fulfilling life. True, your back hurts a bit, you can't hear like you used to, and you need to peer down the wrong end of a*



telescope to read the newspaper. But just think of all those wonderful memories you've accumulated over the years . . . Well, try. Absent-minded old git!

55-100 *The average mayfly has a longer life expectancy than you. No need to panic just yet, though. If your entire life has to flash in front of your eyes before you die, you've got at least three weeks before you're going anywhere.*

105-200 *Go away. Find your reading glasses. And try again. I said . . . Oh, what's the use?*

205-400 *Calling you old is like saying Hitler was a little high-spirited. Face it: you've been around longer than the coelacanth, and your forehead makes relief maps of the Lake District look flat. You allergic to coffins, or something?*

405-600 *Be honest: if you thought you were going to live this long, you'd have taken more care of yourself. You're shrivelled, sickly, senile, stiff, and so bent you think a straight back is an honest footballer. But you're never going to be short of company; in your condition, there'll always be at least half a dozen undertakers following you around.*

605-800 *Basically, your problem is that you thought you were filling in your claim form for attendance allowance. Good score, though: you'll find your new nurse across pages 50 and 51. She'll save you a fortune on the fuel bills – she can boil eggs in her knickers.*

805-1000 *You may be elderly and decrepit, but you've got a lot out of life – rheumatism, angina, arthritis, dementia, Alzheimer's disease . . . In short, you've got more complaints than BR's customer relations department. Luckily, at your age, at least you're not going to be around long enough to worry about them.*

1005-1200 *You won't hear anyone saying you're a typical penny-pinching pensioner. Well, not until you buy new batteries for your hearing-aid, you won't.*

1205-1400 *You have a unique empathy with the aged: patient and friendly, able to listen to their interminable worries and woes with never a word of criticism or complaint. You're a budgie.*

1405-1600 *If it's true that you're only as old as the woman you feel, you've obviously become a bit too friendly with somebody's great grandmother. Incidentally, that left breast you think you're fondling is probably her colostomy bag.*

Cafe Royale
MENU

AWA • THE • JOBBIE

DESPERATE DAN

Parritch was the original fast food, but the Scot forsook his native slop for good reason. He could never get his oats before they got him!

About a year ago I attended, as I always do when she's in town, one of Her Maj Gawd Bless 'Er's banquets at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Among the guests were George and Barbara Bush, Mikhail and Raisa Gorbachev, Sir Nick and Elena Ceaucescu (well, George V gave Mussolini the Order of the Bath and nobody complained . . .). We were halfway through the grouse, I recall, and I was just explaining to Raisa why we in Scotland always leave the shotgun pellets in – so that we can eat tonight's dinner, bend down, fart and shoot tomorrow's – when suddenly the banqueting hall was filled with hideous shrieks, and an apparition of dreadful aspect glided across the floor.

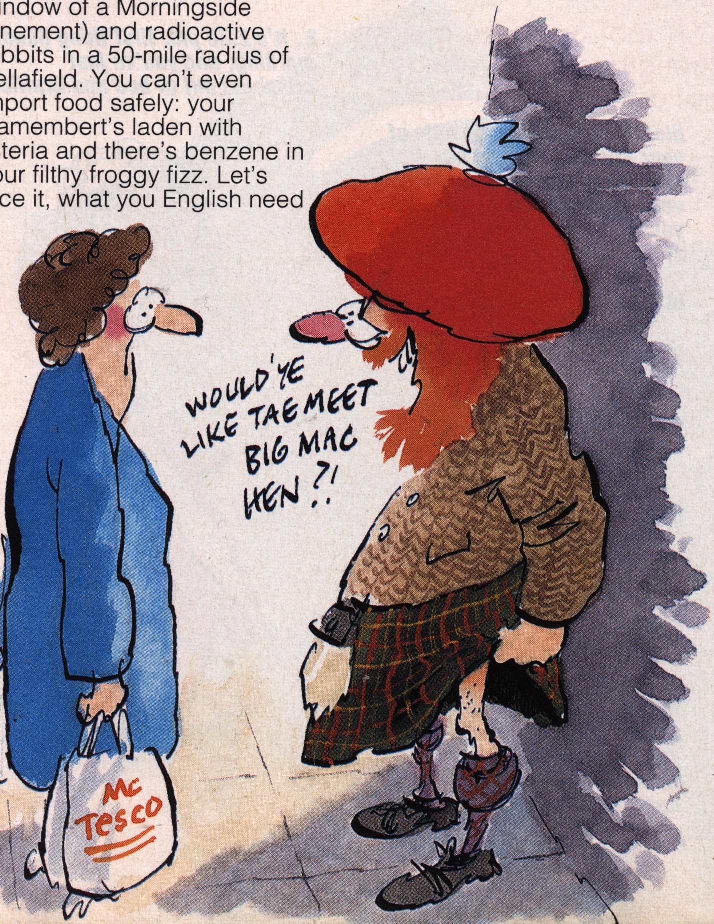
A female figure, it was, short of stature and robed in purest white. Her golden-tressed head had been severed at the shoulders, and floated through the air six feet ahead of the desperately pursuing body.

"Jeeze, Liz!" gasped President Bush, in awe. "Is that . . . can it be . . . is it really . . . Mary Queen of Scots?"

The regal head shook with imperturbable dignity. "Oh no, that's just poor Cordelia Gummer. She ate something that didn't agree with her."

Why Can't The English Teach Their Children How To Eat? I mean, look at you. You've got mad moo-cow meat in your butchers, shite-filled shellfish on your winkle stalls, salmonella in your eggs ("Away ben the kitchen and smoke some salmon, Ella" – remark overheard through the window of a Morningside tenement) and radioactive rabbits in a 50-mile radius of Sellafield. You can't even import food safely: your Camembert's laden with listeria and there's benzene in your filthy froggy fizz. Let's face it, what you English need are a few hints on healthy eating. Listen now while I describe the elements of the Scottish national diet:

No. 1 – CHIPS: The potato was, of course, invented by a Scotsman, way back before the days of Macbeth. Chips were reserved for the most virile of our heroes – in symbolic recognition of which, they were always carved in the shape of the erect male member. It was Robert the Bruce who first noticed the resemblance between eating one and committing an act of fellatio: since when, the chip has often been referred to as 'a French, fried'.


WOULD'YE LIKE TAE MEET BIG MAC HEN ?!
Mc Tesco

I recently heard the great and good Billy Connolly tell a tale of one morning when, stravaiging with a friend through the streets of Partick (a quaint garden suburb of Glasgow), he noticed that one of the tenements had suffered a house fire.

"I wonder whit happened there?" says Billy.

"Och," his china replies, "that'll just be another classic example of Partick Roulette."

"Partick Roulette? Whit's that?"

"Makin' chips when ye're pissed."

No. 2 – CURRIES: The Jewel in the Sporran ranks second only to the Battered Haddie as Scotland's favourite purveyor of traditional cuisine. The best time to visit one is about 11pm, during that magic interval between chucking-out time and chucking-up time. Curries were first introduced from Scotland to the Asian sub-continent by Clive of India; which is why, even today, the habit of vomiting a gutful of king prawn tandoori and nan is universally referred to as a 'Saturday Night Clive'.

No. 3 – PIZZAS: English football fans will already have made the pizza's acquaintance while in Italy for the World Cup. Naturally, the Italian variety is not up to Scottish standards, which explains why so many of you were seen staggering around Cagliari mumbling: "I'm sick as a parrot." (A reference, incidentally, to John Parrot; every time the poor wee man gets matched against the mighty Stephen Hendry.)

NO. 3 – HAMBURGERS: With shame, I have to confess that

continued on page 18

Michelle

photographs by ralph medland

It's been free brandies all afternoon since Michelle showed her bottom at our local pizzarrhoea, which goes to show how wise our beloved leaders are to join the European Common Sense of Fun. I mean, imagine allowing your girl to show her bum in your local English chips and two veg. They'd bar you – and then sell the story to *The News of the Shrews* soon as look at it, wouldn't they? Miserable sods. But the Italians are always hopeful (36-21-37).

continued from page 12

the hamburger was invented by that vile Scottish renegade John Selwyn McDonald, known as 'Big Mac' because he could never find a raincoat to fit his horrible scrawny body. He was also the founding father of a grotesque family whose name has many times besmirched the annals of our land. For example:

Flora Macdonald – who helped Bonnie Prince Charlie escape from Benbecula to Skye dressed as a chambermaid, thus inventing transvestism and proving conclusively that shagging in a rowing boat is a pain in the rowlocks.

Ramsay MacDonald. Socialist Prime Minister referred to by Churchill as 'The Boneless Wonder'. Not to be confused with Neil Kinnock, "The Wondrous Boner".

Jeanette MacDonald – whose career has been an inspiration to so many popular singers of today: Madonna, Samantha Fox, Kylie Minogue, Prince . . . We never speak of her.

Trevor McDonald. It's well-known among TV technicians that this celebrated commentator on world affairs invariably sits behind the *News At Ten* desk naked from the waist down. And that, my bairns, is what caused Julia Somerville to utter that phrase, which has now become a source of misery throughout the land: "McDonald, whaur's yer troosers?"*/The McTullock of Tools.*

VIDEO • NAUGHTIES

CRAPVID UGLIES

When there's nothing on telly but Americans killing each other you can always go and get a video (of Americans killing each other).

When it's Friday night, and the only thing on telly is more repeats of *Jeremy Bastard Says 'Well That's You Fucked Then!'*, there's only one thing to do; get a takeaway and a crap video.

Your rental shop will have two sorts of video for hire; successful popular films, which are always out, and crap videos. You've never heard of any of the latter, so you've got to guess which one is going to be worth £1.50 of your hard-earned overdraft. Now, you may not know this, but there are only seven criteria for judging the quality of crap videos.

1) Blood. In good crap videos, absolutely anyone can die at any time, and everybody contains 40 gallons of blood, stored under extreme pressure. It has to be really thick dark blood that spurts everywhere, sticks to the walls and anything in a mile radius, and then oozes into big pools on the floor around what's left of the victim.

2) Breasts. If the cast list of a crap video contains names like Buffi, Barbi and Cherri, there's norks in it. These 'actresses' never speak because they can't even remember to wear clothes, let alone any lines of dialogue, but they certainly know how to move those melons. A good crap video will have totally gratuitous bazoom exposure every couple of minutes; check the cover for any mention of showers, changing rooms, and midnight skinny-dipping sessions.

3) Beasts. Well, all right, lumps of foam rubber covered in hair gel with a Jim Henson-type grebo fiddling the wires to make it move jerkily. In crap videos, up to 80 per cent of the budget can go on making a gruesome-looking monster – leaving nothing for scriptwriters, professional actors or sets. In crap videos, this doesn't matter.

4) Psychos. Some films have a flashback scene to justify the behaviour of a psycho, and it's *always* his Mother's fault; if she hadn't locked him in a cupboard while she sacrificed his puppy to Beelzebub, he wouldn't have grown up into a maladjusted individual. This is to try and give the film a socially redeeming feature.

Bollocks!

A crap video doesn't give a flying bottom-burp for socially redeeming features, and certainly doesn't need psychological justification for any manic deviancy involving chainsaws. In a crap video, you have a degenerate axe-wielding loopy fucker *for no reason whatsoever*.

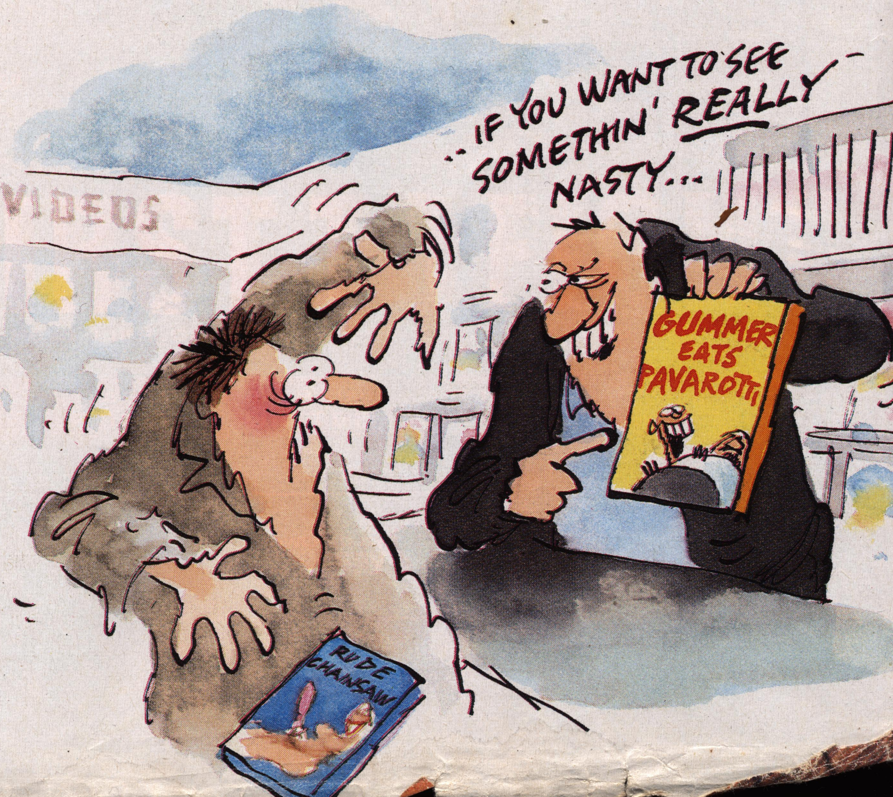
5) Car chases. Marks of a good car chase: lots of squealing tyres, with skidmarks (and not just on the road); innocent bystanders getting mown down for no reason; stunt men jumping from one moving vehicle to another – and missing; cars exploding in a ginormous fireball, turning the drivers into charcoal briquettes.

6) Fights and mindless destruction. In a proper crap video, two people can have a mild disagreement and destroy an entire building; people get thrown through windows, doors and walls without even getting winded. When someone fires a gun (i.e. every seven seconds), you can absolutely guarantee that every single item of furniture in the room is going to get blasted into a zillion pieces.

7) Meaningless and messy death, preferably involving limb-severing and heavy-duty DIY equipment. This is the *raison d'être* of crap videos; if there isn't an unpleasant death before the credits start, and a total body count well into double figures, it doesn't really count as a video at all. The best deaths are caused by incredibly dangerous objects that are just lying around. In proper crap videos, people say things like: "Has anyone seen my javelin? I swear I left it outside this deserted barn," and the only visible utensil in an otherwise empty kitchen is a knife the size of a donkey's dong.

By now you've probably realised that crap videos don't need any of that boring pretentious film bullshit like 'acting ability', 'art direction', 'production values' or 'plot'. Some crap video directors chicken out, however, and try to sneak some sort of story in between the bits of gratuitous sex and violence. This is acceptable, as long as: a) it's a plot that has already been used several hundred times before, and b) they film it *exactly* the same way but with more blood, breasts, beasts, loonies, chases, violence and killing. You know the plots I mean . . .

TINNED SPAM: A group of utter spambrains with the collective IQ of a box of rocks decide, for no apparent reason, to visit an isolated and spooky cabin/house/island. As soon as they arrive, they discover that they're trapped there with an evil maniac who intends to kill them all. Messily. This doesn't seem to worry them very much. The characters who are going to survive keep their clothes on; everyone else is chopped



meat. As soon as anyone starts wandering around in their underwear, you *know* it's Stalk, Scream, Stab, Slash, Slice and Spurt time.

ATOMIC TECHNOWARRIOR: A man in black leather drives around a desert shooting, blowing up and running over other men in black leather. Considering there's been a terrible nuclear holocaust that's destroyed everybody who wore a suit, and all the suits, there doesn't seem to be any problem getting hold of motorcycle boots. Every known copy of *Custom Car* must have survived as well, because anyone left alive decided that their first priority wasn't food or shelter, but to weld big black jagged fins to their Ford Capri.

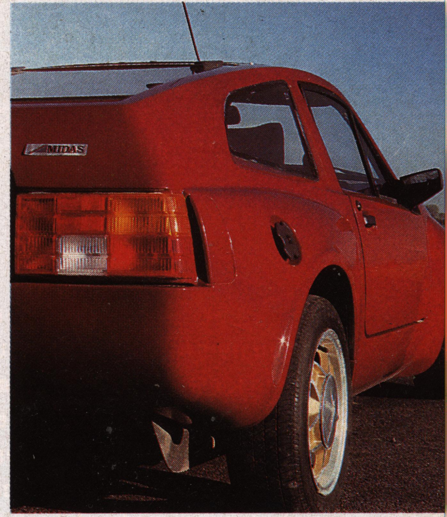
CHICKS AND CHOPPERS: A professional bodybuilder with big greasy tits – sorry, pectorals – puts on a fur jockstrap and some thongs and wanders around carrying a humungous sword. He wrestles several women in thongs called Cherri or Buffi, and then kills a few other bodybuilders with swords and big tits. If there's enough budget left over, there might be a foam rubber monster for him to kebab at the end. Otherwise he will kill a bushy-eyebrowed old scrote in a kaftan called Kevlar the Unfeasible. He's the biggest tit of all.

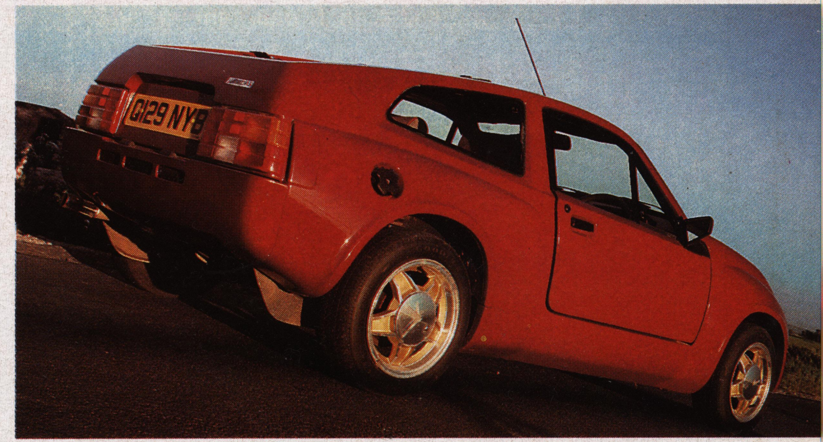
VIRGIN STUDENTS A-GO-GO: It's pretty hard to get into college in America. You have to be in your early 30s but still be a very stupid virgin, despite somehow having a stonking car and oodles of dosh. Your parents must have a massive mansion, ideal for drunken parties, but they must never be at home. And you must spend your entire time at college doing no academic work whatsoever, spending all your time climbing down sewers and up ladders trying to see into the girls' locker room.

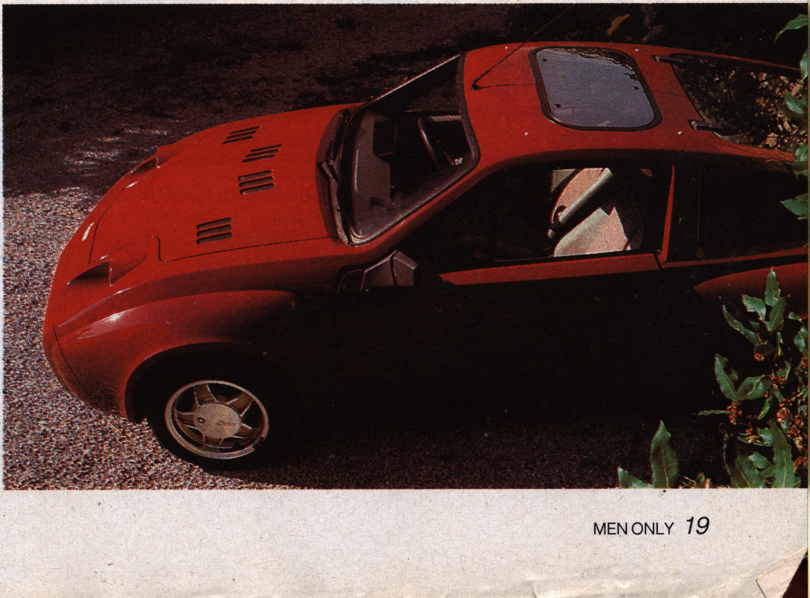
DIPSTICKS IN DAMART: A moody-looking geezer finds out one of his old army buddies is still alive back in 'Nam, and three minutes later he's all ready to kick yellow ass; he's put on a manky old vest. If America had sent six musclebound meatheads in vests to Vietnam, instead of all those soldiers, the war would have been over in three hours. One Hunk in a Vest can waste three hundred slitty-eyed gooks armed only with a pointy stick and a headband. They're so stupid that when they get shot, they just suck out the bullets and eat them.

BIG BLACK BUTTFUCKERS: First this huge . . . oh, sorry, I seem to have got my video of the office party in here by mistake. */Ned Twinky.*

CAPTAIN PUGWASH







The Midas Gold has been in production since 1979. The Midas was a development of the Mini-Marcos, and uses the same front wheel drive layout and other ideas learned from that project.

The glass fibre monocoque body was styled by car designer Richard Oakes. Formula 1 Brabham racing car designer, Gordon Murry, himself a Midas owner, designed the under-car airflow to give 'ground effect'. This channels air under the car so that the faster it is driven, the greater the roadholding.

The tuned 1380cc Rover Metro engine gives it a top speed of 124 mph, and up to 40 miles per gallon. The fibreglass body with advanced composite materials has proved itself in crash tests that no other fibreglass car has passed since 1981.

The kit version is easy to assemble and can be put together over a long weekend. All Midas Golds come with a 12 month, unlimited mileage guarantee. For more information on the Midas Gold write to: Pastiche Cars Ltd., Unit 13, Hillside Court, Barbot Hall Industrial Estate, Rotherham, South Yorkshire.

FUTILE • SEX

WEMBLY TREMBLY

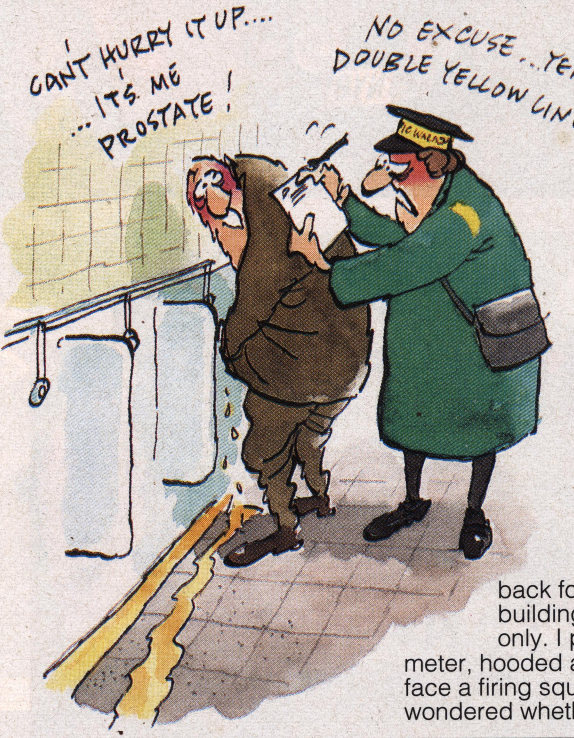
There is a sexist bias in the art of peeing which makes men the fountain of all wisdom and women a right shower.

This country has for a long time seemed to be fascinated by evacuation. One of our first acts, still much in our thoughts and documentaries, was to send our children to the countryside from the towns when war seemed imminent – the evacuation. No doubt if we had been about in Old Testament times, the flight from Egypt would have been known as The Evacuation of the Children of Israel.

Almost contemporaneously, we had the Evacuation of Dunkirk, the return of our troops with the Nazi armies baying at their heels, and when a few decades later we joined them in the unholy brotherhood of the EC, we went into decimal currency and allowed our illiterates to dominate the mural and visual media, calling the new penny the 'pee'. If we had renamed the pound sterling the 'plop' we would have had a triumph of evacuational currency. But we balked, and were content with a currency that was part fiscal, and part urinary.

Having heard some crass announcer recently refer to 'pee' when talking about inflation, I found myself in a rather bladderish state of mind, and arrived at the office flinching at what is done to one of the world's most beautiful languages by those who supposedly speak it.

I don't normally take my car to the office, which is in the heart of the West End. But inevitably Cecil Parkinson's magic wand had fused and there was no public transport.


CAN'T HURRY IT UP.... ...IT'S ME PROSTATE!
NO EXCUSE... YER ON DOUBLE YELLOW LINES!

The office is built on three sides of a square, with a car park at the back for the use of the building's owners only. I parked at a meter, hooded as if about to face a firing squad, and wondered whether the 'No Parking' hieroglyph embroidered on the plastic meant what it said. It didn't much matter, as from my window I could see the parking bay, so that if danger theatened I might just have time to fly downstairs from the third floor and intercede with the warden or copper for mercy and drive a few miles to another space.

In the event, I had only time to open the inevitable junk mail and a bill for a Venus Flytrap which I had sent to my ex-wife on her birthday – she is talking of suing Interflora on the grounds that they must have got it wrong – when something like a dark blue and yellow toad crept up to my car and eyed it menacingly.

I dashed downstairs and rushed into the courtyard, but saw no traffic warden . . . until I turned my head, and found myself staring at a vast and leaking orifice: she was squatting against the wall behind the Chairman's Buick, having a pee.

"What ho," I greeted the orifice, "you're not going to give me a ticket, are you?"

The reply came from not far above it. "No," the voice said. The warden pulled up her knickers and waddled towards me, the ground behind her looking lightly sprayed.

continued on page 27

TOUPE • NEWS

BALDIES ARE GO

Bald men move South as shiny pates get thumbs down from Northern pussy shock! STOP. Deep depressions in North! STOP. OK, I 'll stop. STOP.

The great North-South divide still exists – if only in the minds of the unfairer sex. A recent survey highlights strangely opposing views taken by British women to male hair loss.

In answer to the question: "Do you find bald men more attractive?" – 22 per cent of women in London said 'yes'; in Glasgow, the figure was a nice round 0 per cent. The question: "What do you think of bald men?" exposed further hair-raising differences:

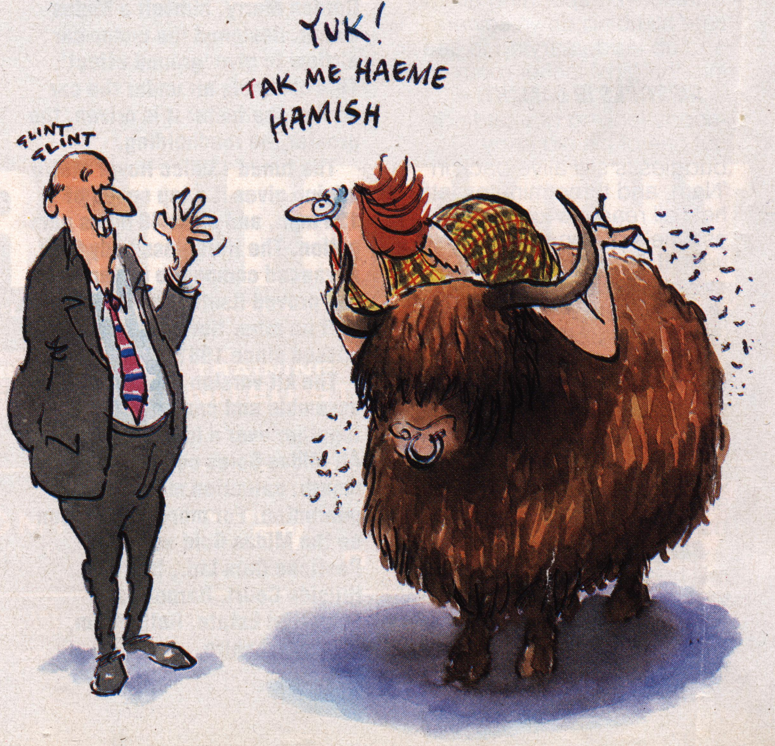
	London *(%)*	***Glasgow*** *(%)*
Virile	*48*	*5*
Sexy	*44*	*0*
Distinguished	*80*	*10*
Date-able	*72*	*7*
Unattractive	*5*	*66*
Hideous	*1*	*59*

To the strapping Jock with more hair on his sporran than his head, these bald facts seem far from fair – especially when you compare the 37 per cent of women in London prepared to buy treatment for their balding partners with the miserly 0 per cent of women north of the border. One factor which might explain such a baffling clash of attitudes is the 44 per cent of Londoners and 22 per cent of Glaswegians said by their girlfriends to be losing their hair. Have southern women come to terms with baldness in their men? Or is it just that northerners never take their hats off? Perhaps readers could put their own heads together and get to the root of this tangled problem which clearly has the nation parted down the middle?

To encourage the flow of blood to your brain, here's a selection of answers to the survey's most fertile question: "I find bald men sexy, because . . ."

London	*of their polished performance.*
Watford	*the doctor's put me on the wrong tablets.*
Exeter	*they don't go soggy in bed.*
Brighton	*they keep my feet warm.*
Milton Keynes	*they squeak.*
Oxford	*what they lack on top, they make up for below.*
Southampton	*you get a better connection with the electrodes.*

And with fringe benefits like that down South, is it any wonder they're tearing their hair out up North?


YUK! TAK ME HAEME HAMISH
GLINT GLINT

CLAUDIA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JACK HARRISON

continued from page 20

"Thank you," I said and went back inside and told the security people what had happened, and that they should apply a spot of Jeyes or Harpic to the affected area, which a tall young man did with the sort of speed and dedication they could have used at Chernobyl.

I managed to avoid a ticket until another warden came on duty just before lunch, but at least the car wasn't towed away while I was swallowing a drop or two of the local wine shop's Muscadet.

Two days later, I was taken by a rock-loving friend to the Rolling Stones concert at Wembley. I can't remember much about Mick Jagger, but my memory of the men's lavatory is vivid.

Trade was on the whole pretty swift and efficient: the male of the species, in all the glory of a perfect Isosceles triangle, stood at the numerous marble arches, attained quick relief, and darted back to be deafened by a warm-up Scottish band that would have drowned out the sound of Hiroshima.

Outside the ladies was a long line of biologically incompetent females, legs crossed and eyes screwed up; not unnaturally, they decided to invade the men's.

Most of them congregated with their backs to the male outpouring going on, a few peering surreptitiously over their shoulders as a particularly flagrant example of the genus cock invaded the outer periphery of their eyesight. One girl, however, came along the row of stalls at which I was performing as if inspecting a guard of honour, which in a way I suppose she was.

"Go to it, you rogue!" she instructed me.

"You give a new significance to the phrase 'inertial guidance system'," I said, with about as much dignity as a man interrupted by a strange and attractive female can muster in mid-pump.

She didn't take the hint, however, and in any case she already had an ice-cream in the operative hand, which she licked lasciviously; that made it difficult to complete the process on which I had embarked.

When I came out, thinking she might accept a drink on top of the ice-cream and an eventual voyage to the rim of the world – my flat in central London – she had hove to in the shadow of a young man as tall as the Cenotaph, so I desisted.

There is, I am convinced, a large fortune awaiting the inventor of a female piddle-extractor, which can remove the inconvenient fluids and vaporise them without anyone noticing.

In the meantime, I hope the sense of proportion so disturbed by the traffic warden will return, and I shall be able to contemplate the lower half of the female body as I have always contemplated it: as a thing of beauty and promise.

Now that would be something to name the currency after./*Halter Warris.*

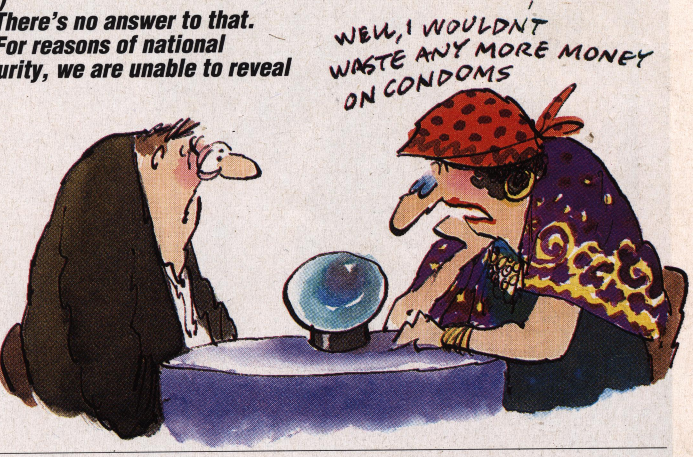
DOUBLE VISION

WOOSH, SPLAT, EUREKA

Have you got second sight or double vision? Here, for our clairvoyant readers, are the eagerly awaited answers to next month's quiz questions.

1. Suck it.
2. Eight hours on a rocking horse.
3. Bonnie Langford and the Bishop of Durham.
4. Up to 70 per cent on a cold day.
5. By making three large holes in his raincoat.
6. Samantha Fox. (Deduct three points for Wayne Sleep and six points for Selina Scott.)
7. Spots on the thigh.
8. Spots on the carpet.
9. Through the Princess Royal's letter box.
10. 18 months, or a £300 fine.
11. Robert Maxwell. All the others are giraffes.
12. Hand-rolled on the thigh of a dusky Cuban maiden, dipped in liniment, and wrapped in greaseproof paper for safety.
13. The sheep pleaded insanity.
14. Marti Caine. (Score half a point for any other female impersonator.)
15. His tongue.
16. Maybe.
17. Vibrating Wellingtons, the Conservative Party, and a whip.
18. 15 miles, and held up for three hours. (Score an extra point if you remembered it was the M6.)
19. There's no answer to that.
20. For reasons of national security, we are unable to reveal the name of the snooker player involved, or where he met the lobster. (Score three points for custard.)
21. It came off in her hand.

(The runner-up, as announced in last month's issue, was Mr. E.S.P. Forsyte of Seaforth, near Psizewell. The winner was Mrs. Krystle Ball of 4, Teller Road, Gnosall. She was, of course, unable to collect her prize due to unforeseen circumstances.)


WELL, I WOULDN'T WASTE ANY MORE MONEY ON CONDOMS

WHAT • FUTURE?

NERGY CRISIS

Well, now you have it. The technology of today makes the future seem a long way away. In fact, it's already way out of date – or something.

Welcome to the future. Yes, this is it. That thing that was always due to arrive tomorrow, yet never quite seemed to get here, has finally turned up. And you're in it. Right up to your bloodshot boggling eyeballs.

It's hard to believe, but sometime in that bleary booze-sodden lust-crazed grubstuffed muddle at the fag end of December, you tripped over the threshold of the most exciting new era since . . . well, the last exciting new era, almost exactly an exciting new era ago. You now stand at the dawn of an age where all things are possible, a time where the wild attainable dreams of yesteryear will become as common as barmaids. And just as easy to get hold of.

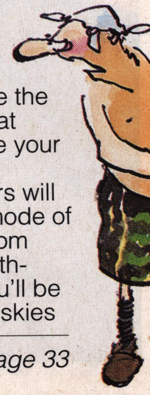
You'll have to change, of course. You can't go on wearing that Donny Osmond T-shirt all your life. And isn't it about time you bought a new record-player? They've got some you don't have to crank-start now. But it'll be worth it. Because this is the future. It's new. It's exciting. And it's bursting with absolutely unbelievable opportunities.

WALKING ON WATER: You've read The Book. you've seen the film, you've heard the sermon. But, Jesus Christ! You never thought you'd be doing it yourself, did you?

Well, that's modern technology for you; thrusting, ingenious, and producing thousands of marvellous miracles every day. But don't get too excited. Modern technology's marvellous new miracles won't really mean you'll be walking on water. It's just that the water will be so full of modern technology's marvellous old miracles, it will look as though you are.

SPACE TRAVEL: Won't it be fantastic? No more interminable journeys on three millimetre-an-hour motorways, no more gnawing the steering-wheel on constipated country lanes, no more asphyxiating behind high-rise dust-and-grime transporters, where the only thing moving at speed seems to be your pulse rate.

The coming years will revolutionise our mode of transport. Freed from those clogged Earth-bound arteries, you'll be able to take to the skies



continued on page 33

ANNE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

it would be unkind to say we had to put Anne in a cold bath to stop her steaming up the lenses. But one cannot deny she is not the sort of girl who finds posing naked and vulnerable for the most handsome and desirable bunch of men in the world (our code name for the readers of *Men Only* – please keep buying the mag, please!) coolly. In fact, it drives her to a state of erotic delirium that she made us promise not to mention. So we won't. The broken bed and the mascerated Aspidistra – indeed, the state of the studio – have all been put down to a freak earthquake (32-21-36 on the Richter Scale). And the fact that the cold bath started boiling after 50 seconds is something no gentleman would ever mention.

BAD GIRLS COME GOOD!

SECRET SOLICITATIONS
0898 224 290
SERVICE FROM MY LIPS
0898 224 291
FRENCH & FRUSTRATED
0898 224 292
PRIVATE CONVERSATION
0898 224 293
DOING IT ON THE PHONE
0898 224 294
DIRECT SEX ENQUIRIES
0898 224 295
VERY DIRTY DIALLERS
0898 224 296
TELEPHONE TARTS
0898 224 297

MYSTERY NYMPHO!
0898 224 299

groaning GLENDA
(CAUGHT in the ACT!)
0898 224 298

GET TO KNOW Zeta xxx INTIMATELY!

CREAM IN MY MOUTH
0898 886 480
YOUR FANTASIES FULFILLED
0898 886 481
DIRTY REQUESTS
0898 886 482
STRIPPED FOR YOU
0898 886 483
STICKY IN SILK...
0898 886 484
SORE BUT SATISFIED
0898 886 485
DEEP THROAT DELIGHT
0898 886 486
SECRET S OF MY 1ST SEX PHOTO
SESSION! 0898 886 487
I LOVE TO LOVE A LADY!
0898 886 488
DRESSED TO THRILL-COME THIS WAY!
0898 886 489

WARNING:EXTREMELY EXPLICIT
XXX STRICTLY ADULTS ONLY XXX

DEBBIE ERECTS IT
0898 224 257
Nervous but naughty
0898 224 258
I'll tease you
0898 224 259
Naughty nymphos for you
0898 224 250
I'LL GET YOU GOING
0898 224 251
Louise's first time
0898 224 252

He dared me ,so I did!
0898 224 253
KINKY LINDY!
0898 224 254
Fishy Fiona...
0898 224 255
Perverted Penny
0898 224 256

WARNING:
EXPLICIT LIVE
ACTION
XXX~RATED!

SEXY
housewives
DO IT FOR YOU!
XXX~RATED

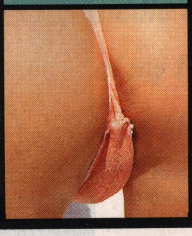
BOTTOM LINES

her rear in your ear!

rear~view rave
0898 224 260
pert bot,
slender rod!
0898 224 261
backdoor desire
0898 224 262

between
my cheeks
0898 224 264
tight~pulled
panties
0898 224 265
I'm Sally,
s***k me!
0898 224 267

over your knee
0898 224 263
cheek to cheek
0898 224 264
let me show it
to you!
0898 224 266



---

fantasy&DESIRE

WARNING:EXTREMELY EXPLICIT ADULTS ONLY XXX

Please call
and talk naughty!
0898 224 280
Let my wife tell you
about her lovers
0898 224 281
I'll do it for you
0898 224 282
All of the team
had me! 0898 224 283
Juicy Lucy's fantasy
0898 224 284
Cheating wife XXX!
0898 224 285
Tell~tale Tina on
0898 224 286
Sensuous seduction
0898 224 287
Bab's lip service!
0898 224 288

GILLIAN GETS
HER MAN...!
0898 224 289

EXPLICIT SEX-
ADULTS ONLY!!!

20099/3/A

---

bad lads

xxx-rated!

DIAL IF
YOU DARE!

SAPPHIRE SATIN DRESS
0898 224 270
SHARE MY CLOTHES
0898 224 271
MALE BRIDE
0898 224 272
WEAR MY PANTIES
0898 224 273
DRESS UP DIRTY
0898 224 274
DIRTY LEATHER TALK
0898 224 275
BOARDING FOR BAD LADS
0898 224 276
DRESSING UP WITH LINDA
0898 224 277
PAINTED LIPS & NAILS
0898 224 278
HAIRY LEGS, SILK STOCKINGS 0898 224 279

WARNING:
STRICTLY
ADULTS
ONLY!!

DENMARK DIAL, P.O.BOX 272, LONDON SW11.
CALLS 33p PER MIN.CHEAP RATE,
44p ALL OTHER TIMES. 20099/3/A

continued from page 27

and sample the truly amazing experiences of futuristic travel: truly amazing tailbacks on the Mercury by-pass, truly amazing jams around the asteroid belt, truly amazing problems trying to find a parking space on Mars . . .

EARLY RETIREMENT: Automation, mechanisation, computerisation and lots of other big words will soon reduce the average working week to about a couple of hours every Thursday afternoon. The demand for manpower will drop off faster than a leper's ears in a hail storm, and the workers of the future will be given their gold watches almost before they've learned to tell the time. It's a prospect which must hold undreamed-of opportunities for tomorrow's youth: tapping their old man for some pocket money, then popping down to the PO for their pension.

Naturally, as one of the unworking class, you won't be able to sit around supping tea and ogling the *Sun* all day – not unless you've volunteered for retraining as a civil servant, that is. On the contrary, you'll need to work bloody hard to fit in all that super new leisure that's been planned for you.

Up at 5 a.m. Brisk jog to warm up for golf at six. Bathroom: shower, shave and other things beginning with S, then cycle into town for the quarter finals of the Acacia Avenue Badminton Championships at one of your 43 local leisure centres. Two dozen lengths of the pool before lunch, then back home on horseback to knock up a couple of kitchen shelves, crochet an Armenian blanket, and rehearse your lines for the Am-Dram's oversubscribed production of 17 Brides For 42 Brothers. Suck a herbal tea bag. Quick turn in the garden, spot of birdwatching, bit of fishing, hand of cards, yoga, yoghurt, youth club debating society, finish off your model Messerschmitt, do a jigsaw, and off to Sculpture Class with your hammer, chisel and eight-ton block of marble. Discharge yourself from Casualty, call in for a philosophical discussion with the vicar, go to Bonsai Club, skip boxing practice, and jog home just in time to remember you've left your bike at one of your 43 local leisure centres. Oh dear! But never mind; you'll be able to pick it up first thing tomorrow on the way back from your 68-mile nocturnal nature ramble. Isn't retirement a giggle?

SWEATING: Pretty cool, huh? Reckon you're the sort of guy who'd have problems breaking into a sweat even if he were walking a high-wire across Mount Etna with a pair of mating cobras down his underpants? Don't worry. During the next few years, you're going to start sweating so much you'll need a damp course installed in your vest.

It's all to do with the common-or-garden Greenhouse Effect. See, with all this increased super new leisure, people are going to be building greenhouses all over the place. The energy expended in building a greenhouse varies between 3,864 and 4,683 kilocalories – depending on how quickly you put the tomatoes in. Multiply this by 500 million worldwide, and you can see that the total energy expenditure will be sufficient to raise the overall temperature of the Earth by, oh . . . quite a lot.

This rise in temperature will be compounded by the energy produced in cooking all those tomatoes, a process known as Global Warming.

Meanwhile, CFCs from the aerosol sprays used to keep insects off the tomato crop will begin to make holes in the ozone layer, allowing through extra sunlight which will become trapped in the greenhouses and produce even bigger tomatoes. Bigger tomatoes require more spraying and longer cooking – extra CFCs, additional energy: the whole thing becomes a vicious circle. Before you know it, temperatures at the Equator are soaring, there's widespread heat exhaustion in the Tropics, and holidaymakers in Skegness are being sorely tempted to take their pullovers off.

As if this were not shocking enough, the world perspiration output will more or less double overnight – and probably quadruple during the day, leading to that other major global fear: A Dramatic Rise In Sea Level, and a flood of complaints from people living on the coast.

It'll be a disaster. Unless you've had the foresight to buy shares in the deodorant industry. In which case, you'll stand to make a cool million, no sweat.

EUROPEAN TRADING: If you're the type who likes to poke his nose into other people's business, you'll find future trading prospects in Europe nothing to sniff at. Shortly, the barriers to trade will be going down like

continued on page 41

COME OFF THERE! THINK WHAT IT'S DOIN' TO YER FLIP-FLOPS!

QUESTION • MARK • CORNER

DRAWING A PLONKER

Why is it that so many people think that asking questions is the answer to the fundamental questions nobody is asking? Answer me that.

30. Why is the* South Bank Show *so boring?
29. How come one nostril gets blocked more than the other?
28. How come we never get a day when no news happens?
27. Who pays God?
26. How come cartoon characters get blown up, flattened by trains and torn limb from limb – yet none of them ever bleeds?
25. How come people start a remark by saying: "It goes without saying," then say it anyway?
24. If getting into television is so difficult, how come Gyles Brandreth managed it?
23. Why is the British nation so obsessed with taking their dog for a walk?
22. If there is such a thing as reincarnation, does this make your life assurance policy invalid?
21. What would they have made films about if we'd never discovered love?
20. Why is silence so noisy?
19. How come a week after you've bought the video they show the film on TV?
18. Do schizophrenics feel uncomfortable in another man's underpants?
17. Do judges get paid extra for looking stupid?
16. Is a nervous breakdown just a temporary return to sanity?
15. If TV soap characters are so true to life, how come none of them ever gets hiccups?
14. Why is offering someone a stick of cancer-causing tobacco considered a friendly gesture?
13. Why don't fish interbreed?
12. Why are hoonerisms so spumorous?
11. Why is there no upper limit to the age of consent?
10. How come 'until' with one 'l' gets shortened to 'till' with two?
9. What do they want to go to the North Pole for, anyway?
8. What is the evolutionary benefit to the human body of the ability to wink?
7. Why do Germans have so many hairs up their nose?
6. If lead's so bad for you, how come pencils last so long?
5. Why vote?
4. Why do old people keep losing their glasses?
3. Why don't spiders get nosebleeds?
2. Why is it that only people with no sense of direction and a complete lack of physical co-ordination get to become British tennis players?
1. How come deaf people's ears don't heal up?

I CAN HEAR LAVATORIES FLUSHING!

KATE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

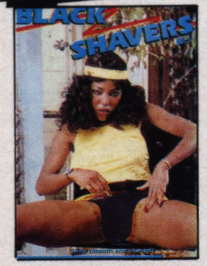
EXTREME CLOSE-UP

-full colour Continental mags that show the action as it happens in extreme close up.

ALL NEW MAGAZINES HOT OFF THE PRESSES

PRIVATE LINES, 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE

MEGA SEX MAG PACK — Sex Imports



BLACK SHAVERS
These beauties love to get it all off. A nice prickly brush encourages lots of soaping; then it's scrape, scrape until the full lipped mount is revealed for your pleasure.

ECSTASY
Asian Style

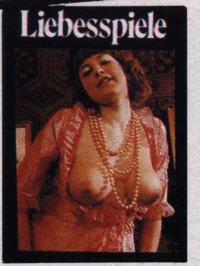
ECSTACY — ASIAN STYLE
Rubber lipped, slant-eyed fannies reveal some of the best opening for years. What you could do to these Asian girls doesn't bear thinking about.

MEGA TITS
Monstrous mammories exposed on every page, plus 2 girl nipple sucking and the biggest boobs you have ever seen being soaped.

MEGA JUGS
A very horny collection of beautiful well shaped women of mega jug proportions — real beauties, real horny.

UNDER HALF NORMAL PRICE. EXTREMELY LOW PRICES — ONLY £6 EACH
ALL 4 FOR ONLY £11.95

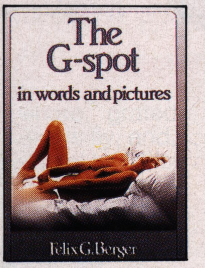
IMPORTIERTE DEUTSCHE SEX BÜCHER Specially imported from Germany



LIEBESSPIELE (Love Games)
Packed with beautiful couples screwing in every position, outdoors, on the beach, on a boat, by the pool, on the rooftop, in the bath and in the barn — a real humping book.

Heisse
Liebe

HEISSE LIEBE (Hot Love)
More beauties with well hung studs demonstrate their favourite positions; it's endless sex that never ends.



THE G-SPOT (in words and pictures)
Page after page that demonstrates in words and pictures how to enjoy the G-Spot vibrator. See the ecstacy on the girls' faces.

Lustreiche
Stellungen

LUSTREICHE STELLUNGEN (Lustful Positions)
Packed with sex-ridden lust as couple after couple screw for your pleasure in a wanton display of sex and satisfaction.

THESE BOOKS ARE ON SALE IN GERMANY FOR OVER £20 EACH. JUST £5 EACH
ALL 4 NOW ONLY £10

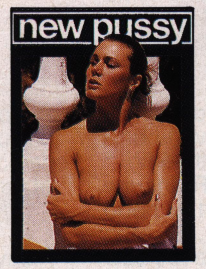
HIGH CLASS — HIGH JINKS Scandinavian Hard Sex Mags

High Class
5

HIGH CLASS 5
Well hung studs giving it to a group of fillies. Then Rosie is screwed by Ted, while Amy gropes her luscious young body.

High Class
7

HIGH CLASS 7
One girl taken by three guys. How Laura's big tits bounce when Guntha screws her from behind and the groping sex orgy.



NEW PUSSY
A pussy lovers' special, with lots of spread eagled legs that reveals in depth the pleasure of this mag plus plenty of 3 guys and one girl and lesbian oral.

College Sex
48

COLLEGE SEX
Packed pussies abound when a group of young studs screw any woman willing to take their load.

50% OFF SCANDINAVIAN PRICES. ONLY £10 EACH.
ALL 4 FOR ONLY £19.95

EXTRA LOW PRICE
TAKE ALL 12 MAGS FEATURED FOR THE EXTRA-LOW PRICE OF JUST £35.95

HOW TO ORDER
1. CALLERS WELCOME AT THE OUTLETS LISTED BELOW
2. COMPLETE & POST THE COUPON

☎ GIRLS IN UNIFORM
0898 884 042
Calls charged at 25p per minute cheap rate — 38p at all other times

CALLERS WELCOME — These imported Sex Mags and many other adult products are available at the retail outlets listed. Mon-Sat 9.30 — 6pm (Fri 8pm)

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd., (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd., Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. *Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.
STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St. SP15

Please rush me, under plain cover, the magazines indicated. I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £__________ Make cheques payable to MO Division, and add your name and address to reverse side.

PRICES LISTED ABOVE WITH SPECIAL DEALS ON 4 OR MORE

☐ Black Shavers
☐ Ecstacy
☐ Mega Tits
☐ Mega Jugs
☐ Liebesspiele
☐ Heisse Liebe
☐ The G-Spot
☐ Lustreiche Stellungen
☐ High Class 5
☐ High Class 7
☐ New Pussy
☐ College Sex

Name____________________
Address____________________
____________________ Postcode__________

I am aware of the nature of these products and agree not to show them to minors.

I am over 18____________________Signed

PRIVATE LINES, (Dept MO), 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE

1225

Cty Trading Ltd Reg. No. 2174586

continued from page 33

Parisian call-girls on piecework, and we'll see an unrestricted exchange of quality goods between us and our continental cousins.

The finer details are still wrapped in green tape, but essentially this means that West Germany will send us her cars, her electrical equipment, her steel and her machinery. And we'll send her our money.

Trade with France might also be considered, but communication will have to be made by phone. No self-respecting British secretary is going to appreciate coming into the office to sort through a pile of French letters every morning.

STARVING: This is something you won't have tried before. Unless you're in the habit of being taken out for lunch by the Editor. No matter; if things continue as they are, you too will soon be able to taste the delights of stomach spasms, withered bowels and imploded intestines.

But quite apart from the benefits to the inner man, starvation can also prove a great time-saver. There'll be no more hanging around waiting for the chops to burn, shopping will take next to no time, and you'll only have to visit the bathroom about once a year – to clean the weeds out.

For this, as for so many things in the future, you'll be able to thank Science. Not because the scientists will fail to find enough food for us all; rather, that they'll find out so much about what goes into the food, no one will dare eat it.

VISITING THE OPHTHALMIC OPTICIAN: The future will bring so many incredible changes in such a short space of time, you'll undoubtedly feel the need to get your eyes tested regularly. With spectacular rises in opticians' charges, this isn't a pleasant prospect. But don't be too downhearted; at least the eye chart's something to look forward to.

EVOLVING: 400,000 years ago, one of our distant relatives had a pretty nifty idea. He stood up. Not the sort of thing likely to win him a Nobel prize for Nifty Ideas, perhaps. But when you consider his mates were a bunch of grunting bony carpet rugs who hadn't got off their hairy hands and knees for half a million years, this precocious little savage at least deserved a standing ovation. Pity he was the only person around capable of giving himself one.

The consequences of this inconsequential action were to precipitate more radical changes in body design than the Japanese invasion of Austin-Rover. Legs grew, arms shrunk, backs straightened, foreheads receded. It took 350,000 years, give or take the odd eon. Then nothing. 500 centuries without so much as a remoulded nostril. OK, certain parts got Bigger. But never for more than about 20 minutes. Basically, we're still stuck with exactly the same bits and bobs we started out with way back when.

The coming years will change all that. Members of the medical fraternity have recently made a number of advances: and after they had their faces slapped, they also did a bit of work. Now, with implants, transplants and genetic engineering, it's possible to adapt the human body to reflect the modern change in emphasis from physical to mental activity.

Simply, this means that the cranium will double in size, allowing space for the brain to develop; and the lower limbs will practically disappear, to take into account the reduced need for bodily mobility and the rising cost of trousers.

Sounds drastic? Come on; it's unlikely you'll notice any difference. You're big-headed and legless most of the time already.

SQUASH: The exciting new era will provide plenty of chances to play squash – on trains, at the shops, in orbit, at one of your 43 local super new leisure centres. In fact, within the next few years, our planet will become so packed with people, you're going to need planning permission to have an erection.

This could be a drawback. But just imagine all the unimaginable opportunities there'll be for anonymous groping in our exciting new back-to-back-nose-to-tail-multi-storey society. Even the most diffident groper will have his hands full. Question is, with all that starving, sweating and evolving, will there be any bits left worth groping?

CHANGING COLOUR: Where political opinion's concerned, this country's got more shades than a dodgy Sicilian optician. People are forever turning red, turning green, turning yellow, turning blue: it's like watching someone suffering from sunburn, seasickness and jaundice choke on a grape – and just as hard to know what to do.

Luckily, the nice nuclear power people are doing their best to simplify things. By building nice nuclear power stations at critical points around the country, they're ensuring it's only a matter of time before some schmuck hits the wrong button and turns us all the same shade. Luminous. With thoughtfulness like that, who says we don't have a bright future?/*Burt Chrome.*

POTRY • CORNER

CLOCK A ROCK JOCK

More gems from Britain's most prominent bard. The Cock and Crumpet, Range Rover and Wellies, Rose and Crown – he's been barred from them all.

'Neath the Channel they work round the clock
With their drill through the limitless rock.
Cecil Parkinson's rôle
With regard to this hole
Is to plug up the end with his cock.

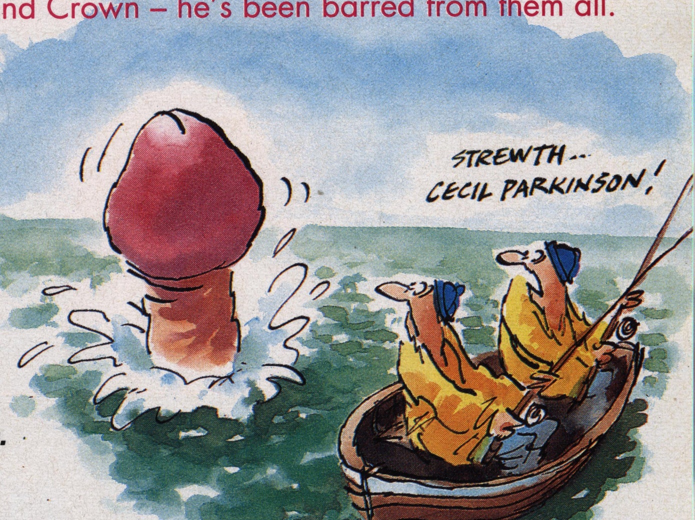
Said the OAP: "Christ, how obscene!
Eight million a year for the Queen!
If you'd like to ask me –
Now we're in the EC,
We should borrow a spare guillotine."

Selling Powergen for peanuts to Hanson
(Who provides half the Tories' financin')
Wins Thatcher's consent.
Oh, don't call her bent –
She's as honest and clean as Charles Manson.

Let's hear it for Archbishop Carey!
He won't let a rev be a fairy.
Those dog-collared queers
Will be out on their ears
Before you can say a Hail Mary.

On the Gulf, the Iraqi top brass
Keep watch on all warships that pass.
They can tell, sure as shit,
That a frigate's a Brit
If a price-tag's affixed to its arse.

Pavarotti, that mammoth performer,
Can belt out a mean Nessun Dorma.
But his gifts are still vaster
Serve beans with his pasta
And hear him fart Bellini's Norma.


STREWTH... CECIL PARKINSON!

This new book on our Royalty vows
That their life is one constant carouse.
When they're not smoking dope,
They're having a grope,
And they all live in Acid Buck House.

We're the rings in your cornfield – explain us!
Will the Min of Ag try to contain us?
Gummer can't give a fuck;
He spends all his time stuck
With his head up the ring in his anus.

lara

photographs by jack harrison

THE BIG HEAT

You can cuckold a coke baron, rip off the Mafia, shaft the CIA, screw the world. But don't you ever take a woman for granted.

Fiction by Elk Martin.

Rick lay behind shutters in the midday Portuguese heat, thinking of rain. It had been raining that night in London, a steady drumming on the glass roof of the penthouse. The sound had provided a background to Faye's desperate moans. Rick had been squeezing one of her long nipples hard between his thumb and forefinger, while his hips pumped his cock in and out of her, lifting her ever closer to orgasm.

There had been a certain flavour to fucking your boss's beautiful blonde wife while the big man, Gerald, had been off enjoying the last act of Don Giovanni. Especially when your firm's business was murder, vice and freebase cocaine.

As Faye's eyes had fluttered shut and her fingers dug into his shoulders, Rick, his cock-stroke quickening, bit deliberately through the thin gold chain round the blonde's neck, and silently sucked into his mouth the key that hung on it. Then while Faye thrashed and her moans peaked in an incoherent whimper, Rick had pulled his glistening cock from her, the way she liked, and grunted once as the hot, heavy drops of his seed spurted on to her golden pubic curls and flicked spattering over the smooth white skin of her flat belly, as the muscles there rippled in total orgasm.

An even bigger withdrawal had followed that, thought Rick, smiling to himself now in the Portuguese twilight. The rain had been pattering on, as a minute later he had slid naked from the bed, muttering about the loo, leaving Faye stretched out on the ruined black satin sheets, the fingers of one hand playing idly on her glistening belly. Padding silently over the ankle-deep shag, Rick had turned straight into Gerald's private office. As he walked he had untaped a key from beneath his Rolex, to match the one he dropped from his mouth into the palm of his hand. He'd taken a print of the first key off Gerald while they'd shared a Turkish bath.

Kneeling naked in front of the compact safe, Rick had slid in the keys and then waited long moments for some alarm he didn't know about. When nothing came he swung the door open and looked at his fortune. Not a bag of diamonds or a case of banknotes. Just an envelope with a number code inside.

With nothing but the sound of the rain in his ears, Rick had walked with the number over to the desktop terminal, punched it in and started the ball rolling.

Back in the bedroom a moment later he knelt beside Faye and caressed her neck.

"Time to run, babe," he murmured, quietly slipping the key back into the pool of broken gold chain lying half under the pillow, where the blonde mob wife would think it had fallen after the chain had parted during their grapplings. "Thirteen minutes to curtain time."

"So cool, aren't we?" said Faye, half-resentfully, propped on one elbow with her pale abundant breasts spilling over the dark sheets.

"Later, babe," he had smiled. But Rick knew he was never going to see Faye again. Outside in the rain-slick street, without a word Gerald's driver Tommy had slipped Rick the new passport, air ticket and hire car keys, and he was on his way. Tommy would be Rick's inside man with the firm, keeping him in touch by phone with Gerald's reactions to his right-hand man going AWOL along with a serious chunk of his cash.

That had been two nights before. Now he squinted at the shards of blinding afternoon light glowing in the chinks between the green-painted shutters, and listened for the faint murmur of the sea as his mind ran over the rest of it. The key code had authorised the secret transfer of the firm's funds around a circuit. Designed as a foil to the law in any RICO-type penetration of the firm's assets, the money was irretrievable at any stage of the circuit once the process had begun, until it reached the end user. The circuit itself had been randomly programmed so the funds' movements could be followed but only one by one, like you'd watch the metal ball zapping about out of reach beneath the glass of a pinball machine.

So even the firm wouldn't be able to get at the money as it moved – and they wouldn't know until it happened about the bent bank official on the stage of the circuit in Lisbon. Rick had set the man up to pull the switch on an electronic trapdoor and drop the cash down to the bank branch in this little tourist town on the Algarve. By the time Gerald and the firm had clocked it, Rick would have picked up the cash and be over the water in his hidey-hole in North Africa. At least he hoped so.

When the payment arrived it

would be identified by a code word: *Nightsight*. This was a fact known only to those familiar with the system. Rick thought that knowledge might prove useful later.

Meanwhile, it was a question of waiting until the circuit decided to deliver. And watching his back.

Rick swung his lean body off the bed and hitched up his boxer shorts, glancing down idly at the big scar on his abdomen. Rick was an ex-Marine Commando with memories of Borneo, Belfast and the Falklands. But he had once watched as Gerald's men held down one of their rivals while Big G. castrated the man with a straight-edge razor. Rick wasn't keen to acquire that sort of extra scar. The village should be safe for him, but Gerald's fingers were long and sticky. So Rick had taken out health insurance.

The insurance fell in step with him, as he slipped out of the front door of his whitewashed rented house. It came in the shape of Lima 'Bean' Boas and one of his many brothers, who like Bean was a Portuguese ex-Para and veteran of the Mozambique war. The Boas family seemed to represent about half of the native population of the little fishing village, and with them paid to be on his side, Rick felt reasonably secure.

They walked the few steps to the little town's square – dusty cars parked in front of the bank and the main hotel on the land side, then the open front of the Bota with its fishing-boat-fronted bar nestled beneath an awning at the base of the cliff. On the side of the square opposite there were a couple of restaurants and the low bunkerlike shape of Edge, the top gun disco. The fourth side consisted of a few high-prowed, colourfully painted fishing boats pulled up to one side of a small sandy beach, and then the sea.

It was the end of the season, and only a few tourists were getting into the cold beer and chilled white wine as Rick and his minders slid behind a table at the Bota bar. It was evening, but still burning hot. Rick nodded to a couple of regulars: grizzled Jorge the beachcomber with his metal detector, and then at another table, the slim, moustached figure of Frankie Silva. Frankie was Rick's inside man, the manager of the little bank. Without being asked, the banker shook his head. Rick sighed, then reached over for the phone.

In London, Tommy's news was not good.

"They're on to you, but I dunno how close," he muttered. "Dunno how, either. I heard them say Portugal, and about getting people down there. Maybe more than one."

"How's Faye?" asked Rick.

"You don't want to know. Gerald wasn't pleased with her. Got to go now. Watch your back."

Her breasts shook as her hand held him harder and moved faster, and when her other hand slipped forward and squeezed his balls, he began to come quite suddenly.

Rick put the phone down and took a sip of his drink. Flanked by the Boas brothers, muscular lizards, he sat on in silence in the glowing heat as the dusk gradually gathered. After an hour the lights came on in the square, and then from Edge the beat began to pulse. The three men rose, crossed the square and entered the windowless disco.

The place was less than half full, but the fat sound of Fine Young Cannibals had brought it alive. At the bar Rick allowed himself a Mexican beer.

He had already seen her. She was dressed in pink, as she almost always would be, a burnt pink mini-dress with a halter neck. She was a blonde but not a pale one like Faye; her hair was thick and straight and dark in places, as dark as her wonderful sun-brown skin, though sunstreaked in others, and cut in smooth, curved wings around her face but high at the back to expose the beautiful nape of her tanned neck and the tiny golden hairs there. Her body flowed to proud shoulders and succulent breasts which her slim waist and supple hips made almost shocking.

But your gaze was always returning to her eyes, very dark brown, and both frank (yet somehow veiled) eyes which you could spend a lifetime questioning. She was in her early 20s, about 15 years younger than Rick, but it didn't matter a damn. Right now she was idly fending off a swarm of young Bros clones.

When there was a pause, Rick leaned over slightly and said: "D'you want to?"

She'd clocked him already, but let her eyes rove for a long moment over his loose slacks and tight sports shirt and the hard body beneath.

"All right." She tossed her pink leather duffle bag to the barman and rose, the dee-jay (a Boas nephew) segued into the calliope opening to *Light My Fire*, Rick's song, and they uncoiled together on to the floor. As Bean and his brother sat watching at a table, unsmiling, Rick and the girl's bodies got to know each other, and liked what they found.

Between the third and the fourth tune she told him her name was Carol, Carol Baines. Then she smiled at him. But later when Rick went for a pee, she was gone when he got back.

"Staying at the hotel. Alone. Arrived tonight on a late package ticket," muttered Bean above the music.

"Toss her room when she goes out tomorrow," said Rick, and then the three men rose together and walked in silence back to the rented house. Yes, he knew what she could be. But that night he dreamed they were fucking together, only it wasn't in his place but in the big penthouse bed in London with the rain teeming down, and somehow the glass in the roof had gone and the freezing water was spattering down into the room, drenching and chilling the bed and his naked body, as Carol lay beneath him, her eyes smiling enigmatically. Rick jerked awake in the middle of the sweltering night, drenched in cold sweat. The Uzi that Boas had lent him was lumpy beneath his pillow.

Rick swam early in the morning, beating back and forth across the bay to the point of exhaustion and beyond. By midday he was sprawled on a big beach towel, oblivious to the other sun-worshippers. Bean and another brother sat stone-faced, fully clothed, on a rock at the cliffbase about 20 yards away.

A shadow fell on him, and then drops of water. He squinted up to see Carol Baines lowering her long body down next to his. She was wearing a shimmering wet one-piece pink costume, cut outrageously high on the crotch, and the pink leather duffle bag dangled from her wrist. As she lay down and lowered her head on to one dark golden arm, her shoulders hunched forward and Rick caught a glimpse of a nipple. He felt himself stiffening as they lay in silence staring at each other, faces close. Then he felt her hand reach forward and brush the scar on his flat belly.

"Nasty," she said, but at her touch his prick had gone alarmingly rigid and now its livid head slipped above the waistband of his trunks.

"Can I give you a hand?" she murmured, straight-faced.

Rick's throat was choked and he couldn't speak. Her eyes never left his face as with the fingers of one hand she

continued on page 62

ANDREA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN ROUGERON

From time to time in these columns we have used the term 'arty-farty'. A lot of you were curious about the phrase. What do you mean by using the term 'arty-farty', you wrote, when you could use the space telling us exactly how much your model liked sucking ice-lollies of a certain shape? Well, these pictures are 'arty-farty', OK? And Andrea doesn't like sucking lollies of a certain shape at all. She prefers cock.

FIONA COOPER ADULT VIDEOS

FIONA COOPER presents her new range of adult videos and photosets. Topics covered include French maid, nurse uniform, stockings and suspenders, tights, long legs, big boobs, outdoor scenes, wet girls, shapely girls, etc. **Over 150 videos and 300 photosets for your pleasure.** All are described in our full colour catalogue.

SAMPLE VIDEOS 20 sample videos to wet your thirst! A full hour long. £10 each.

SAMPLE PHOTOSETS Big full colour photos of each of the girls shown here. (All photos are full colour and measure 7'' x 5''. NB sets do not necessarily include the shots shown here). £6 each.

ONE HOUR VIDEOS OF THE GIRLS SHOWN HERE! Each of the girls shown here in her own 1 hour video. £10 each.

FULLY COMPREHENSIVE FULL COLOUR CATALOGUE £2 (refundable with first order)

ANDREA

ABIGAIL

LYNDSEY

ZOE

TRACEY

ANNA

LENA

DEBBY

CATHY

TINA

SALLY

CAROLINE

GAYNOR

MARILYN

LEAH

JULIE

INGRID

JOANNE

LUCY

DEBBYANNE

VICKY

MICHELLE

JANE

ROSEANNE

AVRIL

FREE ADULT VIDEOS!

Details sent with all orders

NEW **MODELS** ALWAYS REQUIRED!!

Send recent photo to address below

NEW LOW PRICES

All videos used to be £20 each

TO ORDER:
Simply tick the items that you require, fill in your name and address and return this coupon along with your payment. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Fiona Cooper (cash should be sent registered). When ordering videos remember to state which format you require, if you do not we will send VHS!

Send to: **FIONA COOPER, P.O. BOX 16, HALIFAX, WEST YORKSHIRE, HX1 1EU.**

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

☐ Full colour catalogue £2
☐ Stocking/Suspenders video £10
☐ Wet girls video £10
☐ Big boobs video £10
☐ Uniform video £10
☐ Upskirt video £10
☐ Baby lotion video £10
☐ 1 hour video Andrea £10
☐ 1 hour video Abigail £10
☐ 1 hour video Lyndsey £10
☐ 1 hour video Zoe £10
☐ 1 hour video Tracey £10
☐ 1 hour video Anna £10
☐ 1 hour video Lena £10
☐ 1 hour video Debby £10
☐ 1 hour video Cathy £10

☐ 1 hour video Tina £10
☐ 1 hour video Sally £10
☐ 1 hour video Caroline £10
☐ 1 hour video Gaynor £10
☐ 1 hour video Marilyn £10
☐ 1 hour video Leah £10
☐ 1 hour video Julie £10
☐ 1 hour video Ingrid £10
☐ 1 hour video Joanne £10
☐ 1 hour video Lucy £10
☐ 1 hour video Debbyanne £10
☐ 1 hour video Vicky £10
☐ 1 hour video Michelle £10
☐ 1 hour video Jane £10
☐ 1 hour video Roseanne £10
☐ 1 hour video Avril £10

☐ Sample photoset of Andrea £6
☐ Sample photoset of Abigail £6
☐ Sample photoset of Lyndsey £6
☐ Sample photoset of Zoe £6
☐ Sample photoset of Tracey £6
☐ Sample photoset of Anna £6
☐ Sample photoset of Lena £6
☐ Sample photoset of Debby £6
☐ Sample photoset of Cathy £6
☐ Sample photoset of Tina £6
☐ Sample photoset of Sally £6
☐ Sample photoset of Caroline £6
☐ Sample photoset of Gaynor £6
☐ Sample photoset of Marilyn £6
☐ Sample photoset of Leah £6
☐ Sample photoset of Julie £6

☐ Sample photoset of Ingrid £6
☐ Sample photoset of Joanne £6
☐ Sample photoset of Lucy £6
☐ Sample photoset of Debbyanne £6
☐ Sample photoset of Vicky £6
☐ Sample photoset of Michelle £6
☐ Sample photoset of Jane £6
☐ Sample photoset of Roseanne £6
☐ Sample photoset of Avril £6

All videos shown here are £10 each. This price applies only to these videos. Where a girl appears in more than one video, Fiona Cooper will decide which is sent.

Please tick format required ☐ **VHS** ☐ **BETA**

continued from page 54

deftly freed his straining cock. With her body close to his, partially concealing what she was doing, she began to rub his shaft, gently, rhythmically – as if it was the most natural thing in the world to be tossing off a man on a public beach within a few yards of his minders. As Rick's whole body stiffened, it flashed across his mind that she loved it, the knife-edge of risk was a turn-on for her, too; they were the same. Her breasts shook as her hand held him harder and moved faster, and when her other hand slipped forward and squeezed his balls he began to come quite suddenly, and she was mouthing "I love you" as gouts of spunk shot over the towel.

Rick closed his eyes, but then her voice was whispering: "Better put it away, someone's coming," and he slipped his cock into his trunks while turning to see old Jorge the beachcomber, metal detector waving, stumbling over the sand towards them. Rick muttered "bugger off" in Portuguese but the old clown practically stood on them as he passed, mouthing: *"Bom dia, Senhor Rick, Bom dia, Senhorita,"*. until he had tottered on.

Carol rose lithely. "I need a shower. See you at that Edge tonight?" Then she blew him a kiss and was gone.

"Well, I suppose we needed the rain," came Bean's sour voice in his ear. "We did her room. Clean. Her passport says Carol Baines. Secretary. But she never lets go of that fucking bag. So I got Jorge to make a pass over it with his thing. Nothing. She's safe, it seems. Unless she going to love you to death."

At the Bota in the evening there was still no nod from Francisco at the bank. That night Rick drank Tequila, maybe one more than he should have. When they hit the floor (with the pulsing lights beneath) the tension between the big man and the girl in the pink satin jumpsuit was so electric that at first most of the crowd just watched them. After an hour Rick seized her wrist and pulled her out into the night heat of the moonlit square.

"Who are you?" Rick muttered, dragging her along.

"Just a girl who likes to move," she laughed.

Outside the bank Rick stopped by Bean's black BMW and pulled open the passenger door. After a moment Carol got in. Rick slid behind the wheel.

"Who are you?" he repeated.

"For tonight, whoever you want me to be," she said.

Her actions were soon clear: the rhythmic sucking of her full, soft lips, her choked moans of pleasure, and the way her fingers slipped inside his trousers to fondle his balls.

"Then be my whore," grated Rick, pulling open his fly, and, grabbing a handful of her thick dark blonde hair, forced her head into his crotch. But force was unnecessary. Her lips closed lovingly over the straining swollen head of his aching prick, and though at first he held her head with both his hands and forced her lips up and down his shaft, it was soon clear that what she would do of her own accord would far outstrip what he could make her do – the educated tongue flickering butterfly kisses up and down his tool and at the base of the swollen glans, the lusty rhythmic sucking of her full, soft lips, her choked moans of pleasure, and the way her fingers slipped inside his trousers to fondle his balls and bum-hole. Rick, his eyes casting about wildly, outside the car saw two pin-points of light where a pair of dark figures stood smoking in a doorway, but then her head was bobbing up and down faster and faster, and he was roaring as gouts of come erupted from him on to her sucking, swallowing tongue.

In a while she sat up. He could smell her fragrance mingled with the thick musk of spunk. After a long silence she whispered: "I want you inside me. Come to the hotel."

Rick shook his head.

"Then let me come to your place."

"No." Something was still stopping Rick from being alone with her.

Carol was silent for a long while. "All right," she said, and shook her head. "You're a strange man." Then with a single movement she was out of the car and halfway to the hotel.

A minute later he climbed out of the car. The Boas brothers said nothing as they sauntered from the doorway and walked him home, but he could read dislike for weakness, even a shade of contempt, in their expressions. At his door he looked back at them hard. Yes, you could be Gerald's men, he thought; mercenaries went with the highest bidder. But inside himself he didn't believe it. Lying in bed in the dark he could feel the money, so close, so far away. But more often he could sense Carol's face, see the way she had looked on the beach as she mouthed "I love you" while his spunk pumped out over her fingers, and he tried again to read the mystery of her eyes. He had never felt so close to anyone. Never.

After a restless night he slept late. It was mid-morning of the fourth day. He walked to the Bota with the brothers in silence. Frankie from the bank had slipped out for a *cafecito*. Rick went to the bar, took a full bottle of Black Label scotch and walked back to his house.

He drank deliberately. Sometimes he went to the window and peered through the chink. She wasn't at the Bota, and she wasn't on the beach. By the time the sun went down behind the buildings, the bottle was three-quarters empty. Rick, swaying slightly, pulled on a grey tracksuit and Converse trainers, strapped a bum-bag round his waist and came out of the front door, running. Bean and his brother trotted back to the BMW. Soon the black car was crawling behind Rick as he jogged, sweating, up the road leading away from the village. After a couple of miles he reached a phone box by the roadside. Pulling coins from the bag at his waist, he punched on the little buttons – a Lisbon number.

When he left the box a minute later he trotted to the BMW and let himself in. The car slid off back to the village.

"The hotel."

"Rick," protested Bean Boas.

"It's the only way to find out. And I have to know."

When they rolled into the square, Rick had the door open as he said: "You wait here. No, just do it." Then he was out and running.

He took the hotel stairs two at a time and opened the door of her room hard and fast, though as he guessed it was not locked, for he was sure she was waiting for him. She was sitting calmly at the dressing table, wearing the pink dress she had on when they met. Without a word he pulled her to her feet, tore the dress off her and shoved her back on to the bed.

Her mouth reached for his as he fell on her, tearing off his tracksuit. His cock felt like a horn. He held his prick in one fist as, pinning her with his body, he wrenched her legs wide with his knees, and then shoved his cock into the wet heart of her lush pubic curls.

Slippery with desire, she still screamed as his thick cock slammed up into her for the first time, and then again and again. She was crying as he

continued on page 95

Kim

Photographs by Joanie Allum

Kim licks her sexy lips, throws her hair back, sticks out her tits, puts her hand over her mouth and giggles. Most of the time, actually. She finds the whole thing very funny. Arching her back, stroking her nipples, sticking her curvy bottom in the air. All these manoeuvres make her giggle. Our lustful expressions make her giggle, too. She comes from Singapore and that's the way she's been brought up. You don't laugh at a man. You put your hand over your mouth and giggle. It's very attractive. There are a few wives we could mention who could learn a lot from Kim (34-22-35).

YOURS SINFULLY

Write and tell us what turns you on. We'd love to know about your sexual fantasies and true life experiences. Address your letters to: The Editor, Private Parts, Men Only, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE.

DOCKLANDS DATE

I don't suppose you get too many females in their mid-30s writing to *Men Only*, so I hope you think my story (and my saucy pics!) are worthy of publication. Right now I'm having an incredible love affair with a married man, and it would really turn me on telling your readers all about the kinky fun and games we share.

His name's Richard. He lives in Walton on Thames and works in the City, but what his wife doesn't know is that he's got a little flat at Caledonian Wharf, on the Isle of Dogs. That's where we meet for our incredible sex sessions, three nights a week, after work. I wear black undies for him and behave like a complete and utter slut, and he fucks me till he's exhausted and staggers home!

Last Friday night we had a blazing row – as we tend to do when Richard's been drinking – and he looked at me with unconcealed disgust and said: "You know, the only things in life you understand are the flat of a hand and the size of a cock."

I was in my undies at the time, so I stepped out of my panties, leant forward over the back of an armchair and said: "Too right! OK then, which is it to be?"

So you see, our rows never last long. Richard laughed, unzipped his trousers and rubbed his flaccid cock into my privates until he was fully erect.

You know, you're a *very* naughty girl," he said. and he put his knob in between the lips of my sex and wiggled it about.

"Put it up me, for God's sake!" I panted, getting wetter by the second. "Don't play games with me, you're driving me out of my mind!"

"Why shouldn't I play games with you?" he said, really getting into his bizarre 'punishment' routine. "I think I'll carry on rubbing it against you till I come. Then again, I might not even give you the pleasure of that."

I couldn't believe it! I'd turned down a drink with my boss just to be with Richard that night, and the bastard wouldn't even screw me!

"Go and rub yourself off, if you're that desperate," he said, coldly. "I'm going home for an intimate candle-lit with Kate. If there's one thing better than her steak and kidney pud, it's her cock-sucking. She swallows, too – unlike you, spitting it out all over your stockingtops like a . . ."

I caught Richard with such a beauty of a slap, it resounded all around the flat. Eyes blazing in fury, he grabbed me, ready to return the blow. I went limp in his arms and dropped to my knees, reaching for his zip and extricating his cock. Kinky swine, it was as big as a cucumber . . .

"Please!" I groaned, subserviently, peeling back his taut foreskin and licking his dribbly knob. "Please stay and let me make it come. I'll be ruder for you than I've ever been before, I promise. Please give me your cum, Richard. Please, I beg of you!"

I took as much of his length into my mouth as I could accommodate, bathing it in saliva as I slowly tossed it off – using both hands. My slurping, gurgling accompaniment went down pretty well, too . . .

"There, you see? You're learning!" Richard crowed, running his fingers through my hair. "If you want to stay with me, you've got to be *very* bad. Hold still, let me wank into your mouth. God, your nipples are hard! You really want it tonight, don't you? Plenty of cock for the little tart, eh? Go on then. Rub your clit while I load your mouth. Come on, let me hear you grunt!"

No sooner had my lover let fly into my mouth, he joined me on the floor. I pushed my tongue – coated with sperm as it was – into his mouth and reached for his prick as he clambered on top of me. OK, so his erection was subsiding by the second, but I didn't give a damn. Its sheer slipperiness would see it into my pussy; his sheer lust for me would make it grow. And grow.

"You bitch, you've knackered me!" he panted, 10 minutes later. "Same time Monday?"

It can be a lonely business being a married man's mistress, especially at weekends when you know damn well he's bonking seven bells out of his beloved and probably not even giving you a thought – nor even a dirty one! That said, our week-day get-togethers certainly make it all worthwhile. God knows, we've had some raunchy times together, Richard and I, and our first night at the flat was particularly memorable.

For some reason, he took for ever in the shower, no doubt unaware that I was simply *burning* with lust for his cock. I was all tarted-up in black shoes, stockings and suspender belt and I was feeling so randy, I trouble keeping my fingers to myself.

> **"If you want to stay with me, you've got to be very bad. Hold still, let me wank into your mouth. God, your nipples are hard! You really want it tonight, don't you? Come on, let me hear you grunt!"**

When Richard finally came into the bedroom, I drew my knees up into my bosom in anticipation of his cock. However, the erotic sensation of my skimpy black knickers straining so incredibly tight over my slit was just *incredibly* yummy! And Richard's cock was so rigid, its veins were bulging.

"Pull them to one side and show me your cunt!" he pleaded, standing over me.

"What's the big hurry?" I panted, narcissistically admiring the contours of my vagina through the impossibly tight silk triangle. "If you come closer, you'll see there's a lovely big damp patch forming. If I push the silk into my hole – like this – it'll make it even bigger.

"Tug your knickers up between your lips," said Richard, excitedly. He had that glazed, far away look in his eyes – like a dirty old man at a blue film party.

"I used to masturbate like this when I was 18 or so," I teased, wrapping the gusset around my index finger and jerking it hard against my clit. "I used to soak my knickers in olive oil and rub myself into a frenzy, imagining my best friend's dad was shagging me and our neighbour was sucking my tits!"

Poor Richard, it was more than he could take. He yanked my panty-crotch aside, held my labia apart with his thumbs and slobbered all over my pink, glistening cunt, nuzzling my clit, then fucking me with his tongue.

"Do it!" I wailed, half out of my mind with desire. "Fuck me, Richard, fuck me!"

Resting his knob between my petals, my lover pushed my knees up into my tits, then plunged his length into me, pausing to revel in my moist tightness. Looking lovingly into his eyes, I flexed my vaginal muscles around his intrusive length. Damn, I fancied him that night!

"Pull it out a bit and let me see," I whispered, peering down between my stiff-nippled tits. "God, it's enormous!"

Only then did Richard start to pump, slamming his cock in and out of my urgent cunt till I was digging my nails into his arse, urging him to fuck me even harder. Does that man know how to make his women happy . . .

"I'll leave Kate, if you want," Richard ventured last night.

"I couldn't stand the trauma," I said. "Just shut up and get undressed!"

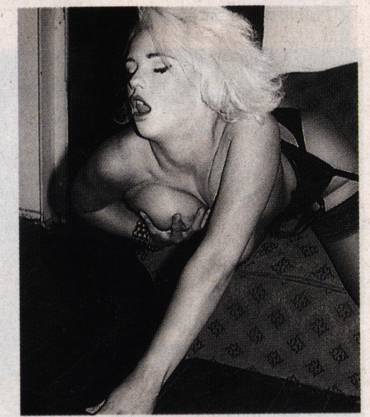
Hannah, London SE7.

MUSCLING IN

I can't help being jealous. My flatmate Paula's going steady with an amazing looking guy, and they're already talking about getting engaged. Me, I always seem to end up with men I can't stand the sight of in the morning. If only I could find someone with a bit of class, maybe I could be a good girl for once in my life!

Before I go any further, I should tell your readers that Paula and I have a very open and understanding relationship. We're not lesbians, but we're very uninhibited when it comes to sex (just as well, considering our one-bedroomed flat!) and we have a lot of fun together.

Last Friday night, for instance, when Paula and David came in half-pissed from the pub, they were necking on the sofa and really going at it. David had his hand up her skirt and she had his prick out and was wanking him off, when she made some sarky wise-crack about my black stockings. She wanted me to go to bed so that she could fuck him in peace, but unfortunately for her, I wasn't the least bit tired . . .



"Want to see more, then?" I said, and Paula laughed and said: "You wouldn't dare!"

When I took my top off and unzipped my skirt, you could have cut the atmosphere in that sweaty little room with a knife.

"God, my cock's grown another inch," said David, but the fun was only just beginning. Facing the sofa where Paula and he sat feeling each other up was a tatty old armchair. Turning my back to them, I climbed astride it, resting my knee on one arm and my foot on the other, my arse sticking out at them like a close-up in a porn video. All that covered my cunt and bum was my tiny black knickers – skintight across both holes – and to add an even bigger dash of excitement I yanked my tits out of my bra cups.

"Who wants to finger me?" I said, wiggling my arse and causing my drawers to snag even tighter up my crack. "Or do you just want to wank him off over me?" I pulled the crotch to one side. "Is that any better?" I asked.

To Paula's chagrin, David got to his feet and felt all around my bum. But he seemed reluctant to finger me, probably for fear of upsetting his bride-to-be.

"All right, all right, give the little slag what she wants," said Paula, resigned to her fate.

It was like a scene in a brothel! There was dreamy David, standing in the middle of the room sliding his fingers in and out of my fanny, while Paula squatted in front of him with his crotch in her face. Jammy cow, with nine inches to play with . . .

"He can fuck me, if he really wants," I panted, turned on something rotten by what David was doing to me – not to mention the sight of my flatmate gobbling him like crazy.

It was like a scene in a brothel! There was dreamy David, standing in the middle of the room, sliding his fingers in and out of my fanny, while Paula squatted in front of him . . .

"*Please* let me have her," said David, like a little boy pleading for an expensive toy. "She's so tight and wet up there!"

But it was not to be. David had dirty-talked himself into a corner, and even as I watched, his cock spasmed and Paula recoiled a millisecond too late. A yukky string of spunk streaked her face, closely followed by a series of smaller splashes, which littered her lovely big tits and the pale skin of her thighs, just above her stockingtops.

However, the evening wasn't a complete disaster, from my point of view. When David regained his hard-on, Paula let me sit on it ("Just this once, mind") and I licked my nipples while I bobbed blissfully up and down. Isn't that what friends are for, *Men Only* readers?

Jackie, London NW10.

EXPLICIT SEX TALK

(XXXX RATED ADULTS ONLY)

This service is for entertainment only and messages may change from those advertised.

HOT LESBIAN ACTION

Older woman and younger girl (18) doing their live action. You'll be hot when you hear our panting pleasure. Call 0836 403 600.

Sexual awakenings. Call 0836 403 601.

Two girls together recorded in steamy action for your wet dreams, on 0836 403 602.

Leather lesbians give it to each other while you watch. Call 0836 403 603.

Moist and ready. Two rampant 18-year-old girls lick each other all over. For the full uncensored action, dial 0836 403 604.

Down on each other. Lesbian exhibitionists eagerly await your call on 0836 403 605.

PERSONAL PLEASURE

Are you waiting to get complete sexual relief? If so call me on 0836 403 607 and my live recording will bring you to your climax.

Young woman, just 18, gives complete satisfaction. Just dial 0836 403 608.

My warm mouth will relieve you. Call me on 0836 403 609.

Dirty blonde mouths off until you cream with pleaasure. 0836 403 610.

For sexual relief call 0836 403 611. Pure dirty sex talk that will take you all the way.

My hand will satisfy. 0836 403 606.

I can make you scream with pleasure and leave you completely satisfied. I'm a 5foot 4inch tarty brunette, stockings and suspenders lover who genuinely can't get enough. Call me on 0836 403 612 and let me tell you what I can do to you.

Hot horny Helen will talk dirty to you until you are completely satisfied. Dial 0836 403 613.

Young men wanted urgently by this 47-year-old, overweight and oversexed divorcee who will mouth off to you for slow relief. Call today 0836 403 614.

Screaming orgasm. 0836 403 615.

Relief is at hand if you call me now. I'm Carol, I don't wear knickers and the hottest dirtiest message you will ever hear is on 0836 403 616. Call me.

Use my mouth 0836 403 617.

I can make all your wet dreams come true. For the hottest mouth off to give shuddering satisfaction — just dial 0836 403 618.

I want to lick you and suck you all over. Call me on 0836 403 619.

DRESSED FOR SEX

Leather/Rubber girls give hot action on this live recording. Dial 0836 403 620.

Wet in rubber 0836 403 621.

Rubber fantasy. I can make you scream with pleasure. 0836 403 622.

First Step Productions, P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 33p per min cheap and 44p per min all other times.

HOT 'N' HORNY

0836 689085

OUR GIRLS WILL TALK YOU OFF UNTIL YOU ARE COMPLETELY *SATISFIED.*

!LIVE!LIVE!LIVE!LIVE!

HOT-SEX-LINES

(DIAL FOR RAW HORNY ACTION)

SUSPENDERS	0836 402 146
RIP MY PANTIES OFF	0836 402 147
TALK FILTHY TO ME	0836 402 148
NYMPHO SATISFIES	0836 402 149
SLIDE INTO ME	0836 402 150
SELF SATISFACTION	0836 402 151
WHITE LACY PANTIES	0836 402 152
PUNISHMENT LINE	0836 402 153
DIRTY HOUSEWIFE	0836 402 154
DIRTY TALKING PEOPLE	0836 402 155
RUBBER PARTY	0836 402 156
CLIMAX WITH MANDY	0836 402 157
SUSIE SUCKS & NIBBLES	0836 402 158
RAW SEX	0836 402 159
BLACK STOCKING TOPS	0836 402 160
MASSAGE MY PUSSY	0836 402 161
ORAL SEX	0836 402 162
LESBIAN LOVERS	0836 402 163
SLIDE MY KNICKERS DOWN	0836 402 164
SEX WANTED	0836 402 165

FANTASY PRODUCTIONS. P.O. BOX 384 CAM. CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MIN CHEAP RATE. 44p PER MIN ALL OTHER TIMES

Black leather thigh high boots, stiletto heels, milky white thighs, all this and more on 0836 403 623.

Come in my panties 0836 403 624.

I'm 18 and blonde, 5ft 6in, slim and very dirty. I like to put on my tight silky black panties and talk dirty on the phone. If you want me to mouth off to your complete satisfaction, call me on 0836 403 626.

EROTIC FANTASY

23-year-old Susie wants to spank you until you cream with pleasure. Dial 0836 403 627.

If you want a WHACKING good time, let me please you. My pleasure is to give you pleasure. Call me 0836 403 628.

Kinky sexy lady will do it any way, any time, any place; 0836 403 629.

Come and rip my knickers off. Do it NOW. 0836 403 630.

Ex public school girl, now 22, needs a Headmaster figure to discipline her 0836 403 631.

I want to feel your hand hard on my cheeks. 0836 403 632.

Strict mistress eagerly seeks disobedient men for total domination. Call me on 0836 403 633.

Black mistress corrects 0836 403 634.

Teach me to behave, be very firm with me. 0836 403 635.

It's too late for apologies ... bend over. 0836 403 636.

Dirty spank talk that will leave you completely relieved on 0836 403 637.

GAY/TV

Bulging tackle 0836 403 638.

Bath time fun for the lads 0836 403 639.

Let me take you all the way. Call 0836 403 640.

AVAILABLE HOUSEWIVES

Housewife, 33, large breasts, likes stockings, suspenders and high heels, wants to play dirty. Afternoons only. Call discreetly on 0836 403 642.

Come to me. 42-year-old, oversexed housewife will talk dirty and make you come. 0836 403 643.

Bored and frustrated housewife wants to give sexual relief to any man who dials 0836 403 644.

Rampant housewife will lick and suck you all over if you phone 0836 403 645.

HOT SEX ACTION

Throb between the legs? I can help. Dial 0836 403 646.

I can satisfy you with my pouting lips and tingling tongue and my soft, smooth fingers, let me lick and stroke you anywhere and everywhere you want. Put your finger in the hole and dial 0836 403 647.

Strip me naked and have your wicked way with me. 0836 403 648.

Strongest, hottest action on 0836 403 649.

First Step Productions, P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 33p per min cheap and 44p per min all other times.

LIFE'S BIG PROBLEMS

It was obvious from a very early stage of pubescence that I was going to have a very large bust. My mother tried desperately to persuade me to 'dress down', but I didn't see myself as having anything to hide – or as having any problem at all, come to that. After all, hadn't people like Jayne Mansfield and Mae West actively exploited their bosoms?

The one thing that irritated me was the utter uselessness of boys my own age; the way they'd tease and mock me in public, then try it on with me in private. Very weird. And the way they'd shake and tremble when they finally got around to feeling inside my blouse . . .

You'd think an 18-year-old girl with a 44-inch bust like mine would have no problems getting laid, but I had to wait till I was almost 20 years old before I finally got lucky – and with a guy old enough to be my father. He picked me up at a cinema in the corniest way imaginable (sitting next to me and putting his hand on my knee when the house lights went down), and I responded keenly, parting my knees to give him access to my cunt, and unclasping my bra at the front to let him play with my bare tits.

Considering he was an out-and-out weirdo and I was a semi-virgin not yet out of my teens, we got on rather well together. He was sleazy and showed me pornographic magazines to get me 'interested', and while I turned the pages he fiddled around up my skirt. So what? Wasn't that the kind of thing men were supposed to do when they picked you up?

'"Do you like my tits?" I asked him. I couldn't understand why they were still nestling, completely neglected, in my bra cups, when his fingers were working overtime on my clit. Yes, he panted, he 'adored' them. Better still, he 'worshipped' them. Even better than that, he had something 'special' he wanted me to wear.

"Will you fuck me if I wear it?" I asked, after half an hour of porn-ogling and knicker-stroking. God, how I wished he'd just get on with it . . .

He opened the bottom drawer of his dresser and produced – of all things – a black rubber bra, the 'peephole' variety. He scowled when I giggled and I apologised – not wishing to spoil his little fantasy.

As well as being completely obscene, the bra was at least two sizes too small. I looked like a whore in some unspeakable porn video – which now I think about it, was probably exactly the desired effect. My nipples jutted so obscenely through the holes, they looked like missile nose cones!

"What now?" I asked.

"We get undressed," he said ('he', because he never once divulged his name), and I had to refrain from squealing: "Oh, goody!"

His idea of fun was lying on his unmade bed while I knelt beside him, wanking him off as he massaged my protruding nipples with Johnson's Baby Oil. However, when he slapped some between my legs, I really perked up: now it was my turn to call the shots!

I climbed across him and guided the head of his cock into my cunt, which hitherto had been party to nothing bigger than the handle of my favourite hairbrush.

"How does it feel?" the stranger gloated, as I lowered myself down on to it

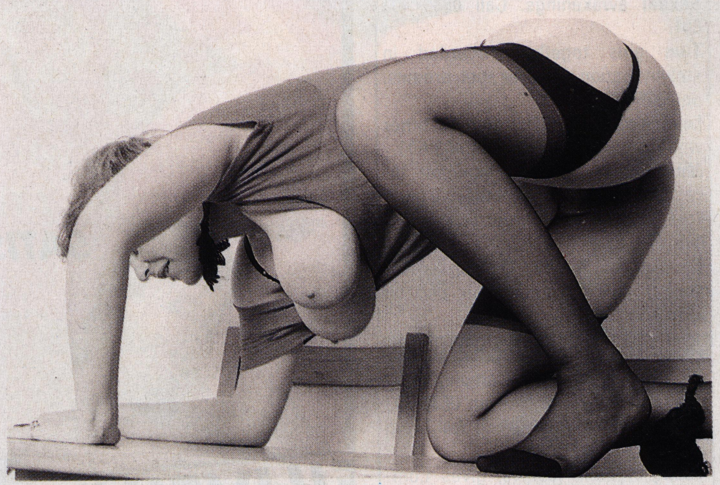
"Big!" I replied, as I wriggled around, trying to take it all in. "Very big . . ."

"Here, this'll help," he drooled, and before I could stop him he held the bottle of oil above my bottom and emptied its contents down into my crevice and all over my engorged slot.

"Mmmm, you're right," I groaned, as I felt his knob slither effortlessly into my depths. "God, it's so good!"

And yet, I was furious! I'd wasted almost two years of precious fucking time with wimps and pubescents, to the extent that it took a cinema-prowling degenerate to give me what I so desperately needed. What a tragic state of affairs.

"Aren't they a bit oily for that?" I suggested, as my (wonderfully) dirty old man



cupped my rubberclad tits and sucked my nipples. He answered with a cross between a grunt and a slurp. How charming!

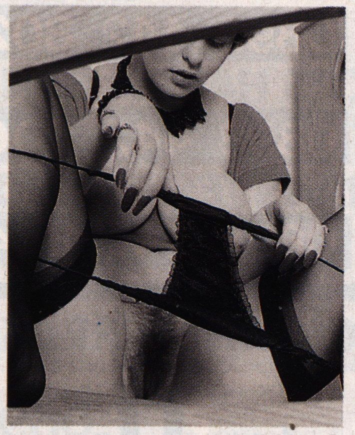
Mischievously – and still bobbing up and down like a girl possessed – I reached behind my back and unfastened the tacky, oily brassière, causing my oversupported tits to virtually burst free.

Now for the first time I was totally in control of the situation. As I continued pounding my crotch up and down on his cock, I playfully swung my lovely big titties from side to side, causing them to slap against his rugged, unshaven features.

As I continued pounding my crotch up and down on his cock, I playfully swung my lovely big titties from side to side, causing them to slap against his rugged, unshaven features.

"I want to fuck you from behind," he declared. "Do you fancy that?"

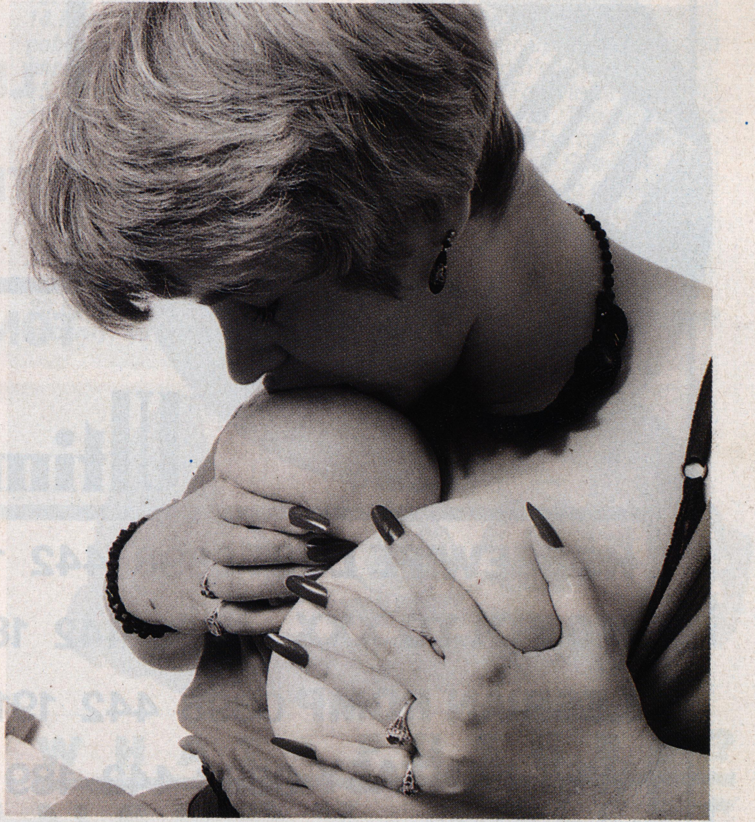
"Very much," I said, thus destroying what remained of my reluctant naïve image at a stroke. Doggie style? It was all I could do not to pant like a puppy and howl like a bitch, I was so hot to have it shoved up me from the rear!



"Let me see you pick up your tits and suck them," he whispered in my ear. "Make your nipples even bigger!"

Talk about rude. There was I, kneading and sucking my big pink-nippled beauties, while Lover Boy was so carried away with the sight (not to mention the sensation) of my rear end, he was groaning like a sick cow.

I abandoned myself totally to the pleasures of his pumping prick, thrusting my arse into his crotch, then flopping forward and burying my face in the pillows.



The stranger gripped my bottom, plunged his prick into me one last time, and we shared an absolutely exquisite orgasm – my first 'proper' come, ever. Still, it's a bit of a shame my pussy was pummelled into adulthood by a dirty old man and not some hunky young chap.

Siobhan, Reading.

THERE'S A GIRL ON THE PHONE

TAKE YOU IN HAND
0898 442 802
LET'S HAVE A BANANA
0898 442 806
TRANSVESTITES ONLY
0898 442 804

TONGUE IN CREEK 0898 442 805

Ultimate Climax 0898 442 803

HOUSEWIFE LUST 0898 442 190
MOUTH TO XXX 0898 442 188
LESBIAN ROMP 0898 442 191
WET FANTASY 0898 442 189

DEBBIE DYKE
0898 442 187

MY WIFE & THE NEIGHBOUR
0898 442 807

ORAL SATISFACTION
0898 442 446

BEDROOM BONKING
0898 442 487

Stocking Top

VIBRATOR FUN
0898 442 486
PUNISHMENT LINE
0898 442 448
LUST OVER ME
0898 442 449

ROUGH RIDER
0898 442 450

ST GRID CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 44p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES
P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

A WOMAN DOES IT BETTER

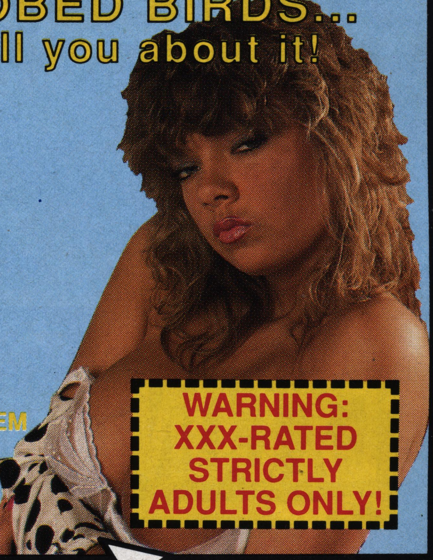
0898 224 221

GOBBLE GIRLS
0898 224 220
21" OF BRUTE!
0898 224 222
RUB IT FOR ME!
0898 224 223
LADY LUST
0898 224 224
squirming on my fingers...
0898 224 225
girl tease!
0898 224 226
LOVESOME LICKS
0898 224 227
CENSORED INFO!
0898 224 228
VIBRO FUN!
0898 224 229

warning; explicit XXX~rated services; ADULTS ONLY!

BIG~BOOBED BIRDS...

let them tell you about it!



BIG NIPPLES NINA
XXX~RATED!
0898 224240
DOUBLE 'D' CUP!
0898 224 241
MISS WET T-SHIRT
0898 224 242
OILED & READY!
0898 224 243
TIGHT BLOUSE
0898 224 244
BUSTING BIKINI
0898 224 245
AMPLE ASSETS
DIAL IF YOU DARE!
0898 224 246
SLIP BETWEEN THEM
0898 224 247
40+ DESIRES
0898 224 248
FULL BUT FIRM
0898 224 249

WARNING: XXX-RATED STRICTLY ADULTS ONLY!

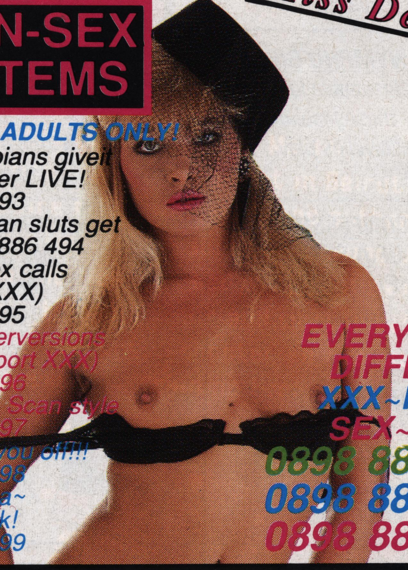
Knicker Lines

Frilly & skimpy
0898 224 210
Let me pull them down
0898 224 211
French & full
0898 224 212
Pulled to one side
0898 224 213
Caught with them down
0898 224 214
Paula the knicker flasher!
0898 224 215
Around my ankles...
0898 224 216
G-string delight!
0898 224 217
Pure white panties
0898 224 218
How I lost my knickers
0898 224 219

Denmark Dial presents
Miss Denmark

WARNING: OVER 18'S ONLY

SCAN-SEX SYSTEMS



STRICTLY ADULTS ONLY!
Danish lesbians give it to each other LIVE!
0898 886 493
Scandinavian sluts get it off! 0898 886 494
Swedish sex calls (Imported XXX)
0898 886 495
Personal perversions (Danish import XXX)
0898 886 496
Domination Scan style
0898 886 497
Let us talk you off!!!
0898 886 498
Adult erotica~ live dirty talk!
0898 886 499

EVERYONE A DIFFERENT XXX~RATED SEX~CHAT!
0898 886 490
0898 886 491
0898 886 492

Tasty Talk!

CREAM IN MY MOUTH- 0898 224 200
LICK MY LIPS 0898 224 201
I WANT TO SIT ON IT- 0898 224 202
DEMANDING EXTRAS- 0898 224 203
I LIKE IT NICE AND STIFF- 0898 224 204
DEEP-THROAT JOY- 0898 224 205
LET ME MAKE IT GROW- 0898 224 206
BLOW-JOB BRENDA- 0898 224 207
THROB IN MY THROAT- 0898 224 208
I'LL SUCK IT- 0898 224 209

WARNING: EXTREMELY EXPLICIT; ADULTS ONLY!
20099/4/A

SELF~SATISFACTION

D.I.Y. DELIGHT!
0898 224 230
vibrator Jane
0898 224 231
FELICITY FINGERS
0898 224 232
it's all over me!
0898 224 233
VERY STICKY FINGERS
0898 224 234
banana split
0898 224 235
LOVE BALL BLONDE
0898 224 236
make it with me
0898 224 237
fishy fingers!
0898 224 238
lovely Lola's love~life!
0898 224 239

WARNING: EXTREMELY EXPLICIT! ADULTS ONLY!

DENMARK DIAL, P.O.BOX 272, LONDON SW11. CALLS 33p PER MIN.CHEAP RATE, 44p ALL OTHER TIMES. 20099/4/A

EXTREME & EXPLICIT SEX

TAKE THE LOT AT UNDER 29p EACH

That's all 20 Sex Video Titles for only £5.75 — less than 29p each

VIDEO TITLES

SEX CONTENT

These are not cheap, poor quality videos. These are imported films showing continuous sex action featuring 'Extreme' and 'Explicit' scenes that really should not be there at all and these 20 titles cover every sex act you can imagine.

DANISH DENTIST ON THE JOB

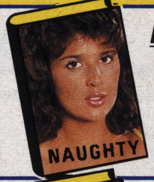
DANISH DENTIST ON THE JOB Packed with 'open-wide' cavities.

WANTED WOMAN

WANTED WOMAN More lesbian action — steamy, hot and very willing.

EMMANUELLE IN DENMARK

EMMANUELLE IN DENMARK Never has a girl been screwed so often.



NAUGHTY Victorian sex — the low-down of the best, and bizarre.

NYMPHO GIRLS

NYMPHO GIRLS Insatiable lust as these lesbian lovelies play.

PRIVATE PREVIEW NO 1

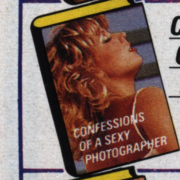
PRIVATE PREVIEW NO 1 Prostitution — a story of sex and lust from the sharp end!

DANISH BED & BOARD

DANISH BED & BOARD Action packed sex from start to finish.

MISS LADY CHATTERLEY

MISS LADY CHATTERLEY More sex than her mother ever had.



CONFESSIONS OF A SEXY PHOTOGRAPHER Lusty, busty model girls.

COME PLAY WITH ME

COME PLAY WITH ME Sensational sex-action and explicit close-ups.

MUD WRESTLING

MUD WRESTLING 19 stone of flesh — slip, sliding and grabbing.

APPOINTMENT FOR SEX

APPOINTMENT FOR SEX She's a nympho who keeps a diary for her appointments.

EROTIC EXPLOITS

EROTIC EXPLOITS OF A SEXY SEDUCER He has an enormous asset.

DRACULA'S VIRGIN LOVERS

DRACULA'S VIRGIN LOVERS All the nice girls just love his stake.

EROTIC SEX LOVERS

EROTIC SEX LOVERS Sex & lust — fornicating every way you can think of.

LADY GODIVA RIDES AGAIN

LADY GODIVA RIDES AGAIN She's ridden by a guy hung like a horse.

DANISH PILLOW TALK

DANISH PILLOW TALK Feminine lust that knows no bounds, a real treat.

HISTORY OF THE EROTIC CINEMA

HISTORY OF THE EROTIC CINEMA Well hung studs give it to two lovelies.

PRIVATE PREVIEW NO 2 Girls who never say no — no matter how sordid the action.

I WILL IF YOU WILL

I WILL IF YOU WILL Horny, explicit sex action from start to finish.

PRICES

Why are we making you such low-price offers? — well, because:

1. We have over-bought stocks of sex videos and we need to clear masses from our warehouse.
2. We want to tempt you to buy, because we know that once you have bought you will buy again and again. However, you are under NO OBLIGATION to make further purchases from us.

WARNING!

In view of the extreme and explicit nature of these video titles, you should not buy if you are easily shocked or offended.

☎ **BORED HOUSEWIFE** wants virile men (18-65) to ring her for afternoon fun & games. No fees either way. Call Lucy **0898 442 061** (Calls charged at 33p per minute cheap rate, 44p at all other times)

☎ CREDIT CARD ORDER LINE **081-534 8855** (24Hrs)

CALLERS WELCOME Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri.8pm)

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. *Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. *(off East Parade)* **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

SP15

Return to:- **VIDEO SALES,**
(Dept. MO **) 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE**

Forward me urgently, in plain wrapper, these 20 films on a video in the system indicated.

I enclose cash/cheque/PO for **£5.75** + **£2.25 p&p** to cover cost of all 20 video films (if paying by cheque make payable to MO Division and add your name and address to reverse).

☐ VHS ☐ BETA — Add £5

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

____

________________ Postcode ________

I am aware of the nature of these Videos and agree not to show them to minors.

I am over 18 ________________ Signed

1234

City Trading Ltd. Reg No. 2174586

VIDEO SALES, 627 Forest Road, London E17 4NE

DIAMOND ◆ NETWORK ◆ INC

Classified

P.O. BOX 272 ◆ LONDON ◆ SW11

EROTIC OFFICE ENCOUNTERS...sexy secretaries bend over for the big boss 0898 900 537

SUZIE...stuffs sausages, everywhere. Ring for details 0898 900 539

I WANT SEX...totally frustrated due to inadequate husband ring now... 0898 900 582

PEEPING TOM ... tells all in uncensored details 0898 900 545.

XXX adults only... 0898 900 568

ORAL ANNIE... out and about in Amsterdam 0898 900 597

LOOSE LIZZIE... laps it up an Lanzarote 0898 900 598

SEX on the Orient Express... Get on board for a long ride 0898 900 599

HORNY DIRECTORY... All those uncensored numbers available on 0898 900 552

BIG BOOBS Betty...she'll show you hers if you show yours 0898 900 507

ALL GIRLS together...join the party for a big surprise on 0898 900 514

PLEASE
TEACH ME A LESSON
0898 900 525

UNFAITHFUL WIVES... who are they, and where are they, direct contact 0898 900 566

RANDY with a razor, clean cut fun with shaving Sarah 0898 900 532

SEX EXPERTS REQUIRED... are you, if so ring to qualify 0898 900 567

LIVE, live, live... erotic telephone talk 0898 900 507

VIDEOS, videos, videos, all X rated non stop action 0898 900 549

PLEASE, please, teach me a lesson 0898 900 525

I'LL DO what you want...just listen to how it turns me on 0898 900 543

WIVES and girls...listen to our message, then leave your own...sexiest voice wins £100.00 0898 900 548

OBEDIENT LADY requires master 0898 900 561

YOUNG LOVEABLE girl... wishes to entertain all men, caters for all needs 0898 900 510

LATEST TECHNIQUES ... full training given for sexual activities 0898 900·502

STRAIGHT SEX ...0898 900 541

BARBIE gets it up 0898 900 506

YOUNG loveable girl... wishes to entertain al men, caters for all needs 0898 900 510

FRUSTRATED lady requires fit young men to satisfy ... no time wasters please 0898 900 531

VIRGIN, no previous sexual experience, need urgent advice please ring 0898 900 588

FAST OR SLOW... I'll give you a hand shake you won't forget 0898 900 591

BLUE MOVIE stars required... call now for application details on 0898 900 574

LONELY LESBIANS... need mature men to join them for a threesome, wel endowed gents only 0898 900 523

BELINDA BLOWS... the kind of job you'll never forget 0898 900 529

MASSEUSE.. for that sensuous rub you really need 0898 900 539

FETISHES fulfilled... your kinky desires carried out, nothing too far fetched for this open minded young lady 0898 900 589

PRIVATE collection... full selection of the hottest adult videos available...call 0898 900 541 for further details

FAT LADY... needs someone to help revive her dwindling sex life. Genuine callers only please 0898 900 592

SEX MANIACS club...0898 900 500 full details

FRISKY Fiona... I'm blue for you 0898 900 599

TANTALISING turn on... I'll make you come 0898 900 583

NEED INSULTING...then call Ingrid now 0898 900 584

BANNED titles... 0898 900 550

SEXOLOGY... the best and most enjoyable way to perform 0898 900 520

I NEED A RISE... can you give it to me 0898 900 554

NYMPHOS anonymous...in need of sexual action, ready and waiting for your call 0898 900 576

LESBIAN LINE... Gay chatback from gorgeous girls 0898 900 573

FELICITY fingers...all over massage, for a tantalising top to toe experience dial 0898 900 519

I'M RANDY Mandy...I'm lonely, lusty and I need a good rise 0898 900 517

MEN NEEDED...very randy lady requires another man to join three in a bed romp 0898 900 594

I NEED IT... I'm.hot, horny and waiting just for you 0898 900 515

TOSS UP... you can be a winner 0898 900 516

NICE 'N' SLEAZY... strip queen direct to you 0898 900 519

PEEPING LADY... she'll be watching you and telling me exactly what your doing on 0898 900 512

I'M HOT and sweaty...in all my rubber gear, if your into rubber, ring now on 0898 900 513

GINA'S PLASTIC pleasure pals...hear more magic moments with marital aids on 0898 900 551

CALL THE Candy Club...No fantasy too far fetched, tell us all about it 0898 900 543

PLEASURE palace...awaits you 0898 900·546

COME PLAY with me 0898 900 547

TIRED OF being ripped off...uncensored videos 0898 900 548

VIDEOS, videos, videos, all X rated non stop action 0898 900 549

PLEASE, please, teach me a lesson 0898 900 525

I'LL DO what you want...just listen to how it turns me on 0898 900 543

WIVES and girls...listen to our message, then leave your own...sexiest voice wins £100.00 0898 900 548

OBEDIENT LADY requires master 0898 900 561

YOUNG LOVEABLE girl... wishes to entertain all men, caters for all needs 0898 900 510

LATEST TECHNIQUES ... full training given for sexual activities 0898 900 502

STRAIGHT SEX ...0898 900 541

BARBIE gets it up 0898 900 506

YOUNG loveable girl... wishes to entertain al men, caters for all needs 0898 900 510

FRUSTRATED lady requires fit young men to satisfy ... no time wasters please 0898 900 531

VIRGIN, no previous sexual experience, need urgent advice please ring 0898 900 588

FAST OR SLOW... I'll give you a hand shake you won't forget 0898 900 591

BLUE MOVIE stars required... call now for application details on 0898 900 574

SEX MANIAC'S CLUB
FREE MEMBERSHIP
0898 900 500
UNCENSORED DIRECTORY HOT LINE
0898 · 900 · 522
XXX ADULT CALL LINES
0898 900 501
0898 900 556
0898 900 557
0898 900 558
0898 900 570
0898 900 585
0898 900 575
0898 900 590
0898 900 580
0898 900 565
0898 900 540
0898 900 545

EXHIBITIONIST.. lover performing while you watch...take a look....0898 900 587

SORDID SEX...girl needs rough treatment, confidential applicants assured... 0898 900 508

YOUNG LADY...seeks large men for entertainment, discretion assured...0898 900 512

OBEDIENT LADY
REQUIRES MASTER
0898 900 561

LONELY GIRL..bored of playing with herself, needs the real thing, can you supply 0898 900 514.

SINGLE MEN...required by four extremely randy girls to fulfill their fantasies 0898 900 509

BLONDE BETSY... panties.. now 0898 900 553

MASSEUSE
for that
SENSUOUS RUB
you really need
0898 900 539

BLUE JOKES, all the filthiest fun, just for you 0898 900 521

WET DREAMS... I can make you have them 0898 900 522

CALL and interrupt me... I just love being inconvenienced 0898 900 517

MELISSA... reveals all her secrets, 0898 900 569

FRUSTRATED... please call me I'm desperate for a man 0898 900 549

MISTRESS STRICT... dress up for her, she'll tell you what to do, ring now 0898 900 547

THE QUEEN of erotica...live to you on 0898 900 556

THRASH in time... to Sharons beat 0898 900 530

CAT FIGHT... girl fight girl 0898 900 524

WET ALL OVER... I've been hand painted, find out how it feels... 0898 900 593

NAUGHTY DONNA'S absolutely despicable on 0898 900 579

I'M looking for a big Dick...If that's your name give me a ring on 0898 900 534

RAUNCHY RACHAEL... naughty by name, naughty by nature 0898 900 535

FRISKY FIONA
I'M BLUE FOR YOU
0898 900 599

SEX VIDEOS

DAVINA MILLINGTON

Now is your chance to order direct, genuine Davina Millington specialist videos. These are explicit adult videos and each runs for a full one hour. To order, either complete the form below or ring our 24 hour hot line.

0225 751030

24 hours – including Saturday and Sunday

3 GIRLS TOGETHER	0898 442 443
FANNY'S LIPS	0898 442 441
DEEP DELIGHT	0898 442 437
QUICK RELIEF	0898 442 440
LESBIANS DO IT	0898 442 445
ORAL LESSONS	0898 442 439
TEASING TONGUES	0898 362 690
DEEP THROAT	0898 362 691
HAND JOB	0898 362 692
VIBRATOR ACTION	0898 362 693

OLIVE Hear me on, 0898 362 653

KATE. Call me on, 0898 362 651

WENDY Call her now, 0898 362 652

JANE Hear me on, 0898 362 657

BETTY Call me on, 0898 362 658

VERONICA is on, 0898 362 659

MANDY Try me on, 0898 362 660

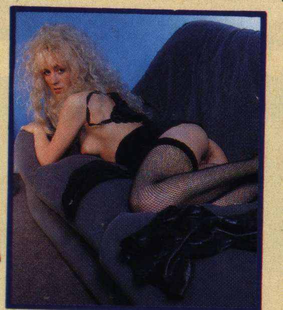
ALICE Try me on, 0898 362 661

JENNY Hear me on, 0898 362 662

MAGGIE is on, 0898 362 663

I'm **LIZ** Call me on, 0898 362 664

Call **NANCY** on, 0898 362 665



MAXINE. Hear her now, 0898 362 666

PHILLIS, is on, 0898 362 667

Call **JANICE** on. 0898 362 668

KAREN. Try me on, 0898 362 669

TRISH is on, 0898 362 670

PAT, Hear me on, 0898 362 671

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE AND 44p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES.
STG, P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

YOU MUST USE THIS COUPON. THIS IS TO STOP PEOPLE GETTING MORE THAN ONE EACH

Why not order a **FREE** sample video first?

TO: DAVINA MILLINGTON DEPT. VIDEO VIEW,
FREEPOST, LONDON, E11 4BR.

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

____

TELEPHONE NO. ______________________

I am over 18 years old – ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

I UNDERSTAND THAT I AM UNDER NO OBLIGATION TO BUY ANY OF YOUR FILMS AND THE TAPE IS MINE TO KEEP.

PR

SEND ME MY FREE VIDEO

All videos subject to availability.

DIRTY CALLERS WANTED

0898 654 519

DO IT TO ME ANY WAY YOU PLEASE 0898 654 512
SLURPING SOUND 0898 654 513
MONSTER MEAT 0898 884 870
MAID TO SATISFY 0898 884 877
SHE LOVES CREAM 0898 884 871
STICKY CLIMAX 0898 884 873
PLASTIC SUBSTITUTES 0898 884 875
VIBRO VIXENS 0898 884 869
PEEPHOLE PANTIES 0898 884 876
SHE NEEDS 8 INCHES 0898 884 878
HOT, HORNY CONTACTS 0898 654 501
LIVE LESBIAN LUST 0836 402 823
LESBIAN SEX GAMES – PICK UP YOUR PHONE AND LISTEN IN ON 0898 654 509
STUNNING YOUNG LADY SEEKS HARD, PUNISHING WORK TONIGHT ON 0898 884 879
CALL THE KINKY SISTERS NOW ON 0898 884 825
HORNY WIVES LIVE 0898 884 802
WIFE SWAPPERS 0898 884 818
SORDID STORIES 0898 884 830
SPANKED UNTIL SORE 0898 884 806
I LOVE TO USE A VIBRATOR – HEAR ME DO IT ON 0898 654 506
HER HUSBAND CAUGHT HER WITH HER KNICKERS DOWN PLAYING VERY NAUGHTY GAMES – FULL SORDID STORY ON 0898 884 880
AFTER 9PM X RATED ORAL LINE 0898 884 861
HEAR SALLY'S SPANKING 0898 884 899
UNNATURAL ACTS 0898 884 816
TONSIL TICKLER 0898 884 805
TRANSVESTITE SEX GAMES 0898 884 891
MEN IN MINI SKIRTS 0898 884 892
SEX CHANGE FANTASY 0898 884 894
GUYS IN SILK PANTIES 0898 884 896
MARRIED TRANSVESTITES 0898 884 898
SHE'S ON ALL FOURS – CALL HER ON 0836 402 812

BOTTOMLINE PRODUCTIONS P.O. BOX 604 BN33SJ CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE AND 44p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES

CUT OUT AND KEEP

DIRECT SEX CONTACTS

HORNY FRUSTRATED WIVES – OUR MOST POPULAR CONTACT LINE 0898 889 857
SEXUALLY ACTIVE SINGLE GIRLS – DON'T MISS THIS ONE GUYS 0898 884 852
STRICT DOMINANT BITCHES 0898 884 855
KINKY LEATHER GIRLS 0898 884 854
MATURE (40+) LADIES 0898 884 850
BI-SEXUAL GIRLS 0898 884 858
HORNY LONELY LESBIANS 0898 884 860
TRANSVESTITE CONTACTS 0898 884 859
HOT KINKY CONTACTS 0898 884 864
SWINGING COUPLES 0898 884 856
BI-SEXUAL COUPLES 0898 884 853
INTIMATE GAY CONTACTS 0836 402 821
ALL DOMINANT STUDS MUST RING 0836 402 824
HER PANTIES ARE PARTED 0898 884 811
SPANKED WITHOUT MERCY 0898 884 863
LICKED THROUGH LEATHER 0898 884 865
HOT RUBBER RAVERS 0898 884 867
CANED AND CHAINED 0898 884 868
NO KNICKERS NEEDED 0898 884 869
SOFT PARTED LIPS 0898 884 845
HOT DIRTY DIALLING 0898 884 834
UNDER MY SKIRT 0898 884 833
COME QUICKLY AND DIAL NOW 0898 884 861
DIRTY BIKER BITCH 0898 884 890
LIVE LESBIAN LUST 0898 884 824
SOFT 'N SHAVEN 0898 884 848
SPIKE HEELED LUST 0898 884 849
SILKY TRIANGLE 0898 884 847
SOUNDS LIKE SPANKING 0836 402 806
TURN HER OVER – SHE LIKES IT BETTER 0898 884 862

BOTTOMLINE PRODUCTIONS P.O. BOX 604 BN33SJ CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE AND 44p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES

CUT OUT AND KEEP

EXCLUSIVE!!!

CONTACT SERVICES INC.
presents
"SEX UNLIMITED!"
CONTACT LINES

I want your massive throbbing monster!! Give it to me now!! I'm desperate and willing to do any thing you want ...call me on **0836 402 221**

Dusky maiden to blow you away!! Special massage and dressing up - call me now for the very best in "whatever you fancy...!!!" Dial if you dare! No time wasters or novices - tell me what you like and I'll perform for you live! **0836 402 220**

Young blonde 36/24/36 looking for new pupils, dial now! in the comfort of your own home **0836 402 200**

Topless massage in private luxury house phone **0836 402 202**

Men with stiff posture wanting to soften their load, I'll go down and come upsmiling! **0836 402 206**

Discreet gents are invited to phone me for unhurried relaxation on 0836 402 208

Roxy here, leggy, blonde and busty! I'd love to please you... **0836 402 207**

WARNING:
ADULTS ONLY!
EXTREMELY EXPLICIT!
Not for the faint-hearted or easily shocked
ALL CALLS AT DIALLERS OWN RISK!!

Sexy housewife likes to flash it about when husband is away-do you think I'm wicked? Headmaster types sought for fun and games **0836 402 217**

Hi guys, do you need it??Anything goes!I'm back, the original Claudette, sexciting stuff for horny blokes! Call me on **0836 402 201** now, now, now!!

House-wife to entertain you, your place or mine, husband approves, 3 & 4-somes welcome! **0836 402 205**

Hot-blooded randy wife needs even more sexual fulfillment; husband doesn't mind **0836 402 209**

FOR THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE, THINGS YOU CAN'T DO WITH YOUR WIFE!!!
0836 402 210

Meek young female seeks all forms of correction, goodgirls arehard to find, thats why I'm so bad! **0836 402 203**

Strict public school mistress commands you to report to her for exams and correction on **0836 402 204**

Assertive lady seeks submissive types, no cry-babies or time-wasters! **0836 402 211**

Come to me! 38/26/38, cleanshaven & blonde, they call me the "O"-Queen, find out why!! **0836 402 212**

Young blonde 36/24/36 wants new students to teach sexual positions to; you'll have to do as you're told, or else... **0836 402 219**

Mistress of Sex Distinction; a must for all strong and meek experts. Extensive wardrobe you must see! Call me for expert sex tuition... **0836 402 222**

For a really good time, call the sexiest AC/DC piece you'll ever meet! **0836 402 223**

Men with stiff posture wanting to soften their load, I'll go down and come upsmiling! **0836 402**

Young lady will massage and pamper business gents...call me now....Jenny on **0836 402 218**

Petite and pretty 18 yr old, secks kind, discreet gents for fun and games. All types catered for - you've had the rest, now try the best! **0836 402 215**

Leather loving b**** demands meek males to get on your knees and lick my boots! **0836 402 216**

Couple; male 22, female 29,want to swap, AC/DC, anything welcome! **0836 402 214**

DM25B

CONTACT SERVICES INC. P.O Box 272, London SW11 Calls charged at 33p per min cheap rate, 44p all othertimes DM25B

THE HOTTEST
SEX DIAL

LESBIANS	0898 200926
KNICKERLESS	0898 200928
RANDY HOUSEWIFE	0898 200929
REALLY DIRTY	0898 200931
PLAIN KINKY	0898 200932
BACK ALLEY SEX	0898 200936
DEEP THROAT	0898 200939
EXPLICIT ENCOUNTERS	0898 200944
TAKE MY WIFE	0898 200951
REALLY EROTIC	0898 200978
HUSBAND AWAY, RING ME	0898 200979
THE BITCH	0898 200989
HAND REARED	0898 200991
HORNY SEX	0898 200992
LICK SPECIAL	0898 200994
MASTURBATION	0898 200996
THINK DIRTY AND CALL ME	0898 200997
STRICTLY SEX	0898 200998
SEX PARTIES	0898 200999

CHARGES 33p MIN CHEAP 44p OTHER TC PO BOX 507 BS99

"YOUR CHANCE FOR DIRECT CONTACT WITH THE DIAMOND GIRLS"

:WARNING:
THIS MATERIAL IS SUITABLE FOR ADULTS ONLY

Collette's Come Chat
0898 884 355
A Master of Discipline
0898 884 346
Special Sexual Kinks
0898 884 350
Sarah's Desperate
0898 884 348
Naughty Girl Says PLEASE
0898 884 357
Suzie: for your Personal Pleasure
0898 884 352
Sabrina Says Satisfy Me
0898 884 354
Blue Movie Star Needed
0898 884 347

Sugar Daddy needed for Gorgeous Girl
0898 900 504
Sex Maniac's Club
0898 900 500
Banned Recordings (XXX Rated)
0898 900 200
Unfaithful Wives (investigations)
0898 900 566
New Video Stars required
0898 900 574
Nymphomaniac Contact Line
0898 900 576
Slaves for Attractive but Strict Mistress
0898 900 577
C.P Info Line - Punish her NOW !
0898 900 578
Frustrated Wife due to inadequate Husband
0898 900 582

DIRTY TALK

DIAMOND NETWORK INC.
PO BOX 272. LONDON SW11 5QZ.

ALL CALLS CHARGED AT 33P PER MIN CHEAP RATE, 44P ALL OTHER TIMES.

DM24C

MY PANTIES ARE PARTED (Use your tongue and hear me moan) 0836 405 505

I WANT TO SIT ON IT 0836 405 515

LESBIAN SHAVING PARTY	0836 400 161
I'M ON ALL FOURS - xxxx ME	0836 405 510
ORAL SEX - SLIP BETWEEN MY LIPS	0836 405 501
EXPLICIT SEX LESSONS After 9PM	0836 404 446
I'LL SPREAD MY LEGS FOR YOU	0836 405 509
HORNY 18 YR OLD TALKS DIRTY	0836 405 512
CANED BY THE GYM MISTRESS	0836 405 504
TURN ME OVER I LIKE IT BETTER	0836 404 450
RUBBER & LEATHER ORGASM	0836 405 506
HE WORE MY PANTIES	0836 405 503
I'LL GO ALL THE WAY!	0836 400 111
UNZIP MY JEANS	0836 405 500

ME & MY NEIGHBOUR
(Inadequate Husband Watched)
0836 405 502

LATE NIGHT SEX TALK
After 9PM 0836 400 180
After 12AM 0836 400 130
After 2AM 0836 400 160

Unfaithful wife - lesbian & hetero SEX action
0836 405 507

CALLS CHARGED PER MINUTE 33P CHEAP RATE 44P ALL OTHER TIMES TPC PO BOX 4LY LONDON W1

FROM BEHIND	0836 402 699
RUB IT HARD	0836 402 687
LICKED LESBIAN	0836 402 683
I LOVE A LICKING	0836 402 762
BIG NIPPLES	0836 402 764

USE MY VIBRATOR	0836 402 579
JULIES STICKY FINGER	0836 402 751
LESBIAN CLIMAX	0836 402 698
WE MASTURBATE	0836 402 694
2 SHAVED BLONDES	0836 402 759
MY PANTIES ARE OFF	0836 402 790
TAKE IT LIKE A TART	0836 402 754

NICE WET FINGERS	0836 402 695
SHOW ME YOUR BANANA	0836 402 670
LESBIAN WIFE NEEDS IT	0836 402 578
I WANT TO SUCK	0836 402 595
SLIDE IT IN ME	0836 402 761
MOIST LIPS NOW READY	0836 402 591
I'LL MAKE IT GROW	0836 402 686
PLAY WITH MY BEAVER	0836 402 793

BLONDE 17 & A LESBIAN
0836 402 786

WIFE WITH HUGE TITS
0836 402 758

AFTER 12AM
0836 402 571

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p CHEAP RATE 44p ALL OTHER TIMES NORTHGLOW LTD PO BOX 24 TW8 9ES

GOBBLE GIRLS

I SWALLOW IT ALL	0836 404 796
MOIST SEX ACTION	0836 404 787
LESBIAN ORAL	0836 404 790
IN MY MOUTH	0836 404 782
I CAN TAKE THAT	0836 404 780

LESBIANS ONLY

LESBIAN FUN	0836 404 776
BLONDE PUSSYS	0836 404 795
SPECIAL NEEDS	0836 404 775
LESBIAN 69	0836 404 789
GIRLS LICKING	0836 404 796
I WANT A FINGER	0836 404 771
LESBIAN TART	0836 404 794

AFTER 12AM SEX CLUB
0836 404 712
2AM SPECIALS
0836 404 721
24 HR SEX
0836 404 769

GAME WIVES

STRICT MISTRESS	0836 404 788
DEEP THROAT	0836 404 783
HUSBANDS AWAY	0836 404 792
PLAY WITH ME	0836 404 774
NYMPHO WIFE	0836 404 798
I NEED 10 INCHES	0836 404 799

CALLS CHARGED AT 33p CHEAP RATE 44p ALL OTHER TIMES FRANSTAR LTD 52 TOTTENHAM ST LONDON W1

DEBEE ASHBY DOGGY STYLE
0836 400 932

TALK DIRTY TO ME
0836 400 928

BEND ME OVER I'M WET FOR YOU
0836 400 882

LESBIAN HOUSEWIVES ORGY
0836 400 811

ORAL SEX - SPURT IN MY MOUTH
0836 400 999

40 YR OLD WANTS RUDE SEX
0836 400 797

VIRGIN'S FIRST ORGASM
0836 400 834

TIGHT WET RUBBER SEX
0836 400 787

HER FINGERS INSIDE MY DAMP PANTIES
0836 400 730

SARAH SUCKS & SWALLOWS
0836 400 870

LESBIAN SHAVEN SEX
0836 400 768

READERS HORNY SEX CONFESSIONS
0836 400 851

SITTING ON YOUR XXXX
0836 400 783

MY HUSBAND WATCHED ME CUM WITH 2 FRIENDS
0836 400 733

I'LL MAKE YOU CUM
0836 400 762

LATE NIGHT SEX ACTION

After 9pm 0836 400 850
After 12am 0836 400 826
After 2am 0836 400 821
After 4am 0836 400 926

CALLS CHARGED PER MINUTE 33P CHEAP RATE 44P ALL OTHER TIMES BESTRICH LTD PO BOX 1073 LONDON W1

DONNA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOANIE ALLUM

Donna was flat-chested until she was about 15. Every night she used to pray that her boobs would grow. She fell off her bike trying to catch thistle seeds so that she could wish that her tits would grow. She drew ginormous tits in the frost on her bedroom window, wishing that they would appear. When all the other girls were wishing for a piebald horse, Don was dreaming of D-cup norks.

And then it happened. Over about six months, actually.

"Suddenly I couldn't fit into anything; all the guys were whistling at me and, worst of all, I really didn't know what to do with them."

Then her boyfriend showed her (42-24-36) and she's been doing it ever since. She won't tell us what *it* is, though. Answers (on a naked woman please) to the usual address.

AURAL
Satisfaction
personal
one~to~one
LIVE conversation

call now
0836 685159

FREE!
TO VIDEO USERS ONLY!
OUR FULL HALF HOUR
ADULT!
PREVIEW FILM
(30 mins)
YES — A FREE ADULT VIDEO
THE HOTTEST 'COMING ATTRACTIONS' FILM IN THE U.K. — FREE!

HOW CAN WE DO IT FREE!?
EASY — Our films are GENUINE XXX adult films and not rubbish you could show to your maiden aunt!!!
YES! — 90% of the people who have our free ADULT PREVIEW FILM buy from us within 24 hours of seeing the free film. THEN BUY AGAIN AND AGAIN!!!
THAT IS WHY WE CAN MAKE THIS OFFER!
ALSO — You are under no obligation to buy any films. If you think that our ADULT films are rubbish you can keep the sample to use as a blank!
YES — WE ARE THAT CONFIDENT YOU WILL BUY FROM US LATER!

HOW IS IT DONE?
I DARE YOU TO DIAL
0898 700 368
and just listen!

TO SAVE TIME! DIAL 0225 751028
TO ORDER TODAY OR TONIGHT

ST GRID CALLS CHARGED AT 33p PER MINUTE CHEAP RATE & 44p PER MINUTE AT ALL OTHER TIMES
P.O. BOX 242, LONDON SW15 2RJ.

TO: VIDEO VIEW, FREEPOST, LONDON, E11 4BR (no stamp needed)
SEND ME MY FREE VIDEO
I UNDERSTAND THAT I AM UNDER NO OBLIGATION TO BUY ANY OF YOUR FILMS AND THE TAPE IS MINE TO KEEP.
MY VIDEO FORMAT IS VHS ☐ or BETA ☐
NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
____
TELEPHONE NO. ____________ REF PRO
I am over 18 years old — ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

ORIGINAL
YOU MUST USE THIS COUPON. THIS IS TO STOP PEOPLE GETTING MORE THAN ONE EACH

24 HOURS OPEN
SAT & SUN

THE BIG HEAT

continued from page 62

pounded into her, reared above her watching, his hands gripping her waist like talons as her arms clung desperately round his jolting neck and shoulders. She was shrieking, and when she shuddered into her first orgasm Rick felt his swaying balls shift and knew it couldn't last much longer.

Carol was shouting out loud, her full breasts slopping and quivering from the slamming lunges of his prick, and her eyes streaming tears were still open and on him as the thrusts of his hips suddenly became faster and convulsive. It was only with a supreme effort that he kept his own eyes on her as the shudder of orgasm gripped them both, saw her hands sliding up and under the pillow, and as his spunk poured into her, even as he groaned, brought his bunched right fist almost tenderly downwards, hitting her two inches to the left of the point of her chin and knocking her cold.

Rick gasped, shaken by a last spasm of orgasm, and then swept the pillow aside.

There was nothing under it. It had been just a loving ecstatic woman stretching.

Rick never paused. He rolled from the bed, pulled on his clothes and the belt bag and left the room without a backward glance at the still, naked figure on the bed.

Moving to some implacable instinctive rhythm – better than the disco! – Rick hit the twilit square and, yes, there was Frankie from the bank crossing to the Bota for the evening, and Rick could naturally trot across to him, smile and say: "Nightsight?" and Frankie equally naturally responded "No, nothing yet," but by then his face was changing as he realised that with the codeword he had revealed to Rick something that only the London firm could have told him, and Rick had the switchblade knife out of his waist-bag, snapped open and under the back of Frankie's jacket sticking through the banker's shirt with the point a quarter of an inch into the skin covering the man's kidneys. An apparently friendly arm round the manager's shoulders stopped him flinching away, as Rick grinned and said: "Back to the bank. Now." To the hovering Boas brothers he called quietly: "Better get the boat."

The money was in a case in Frankie's office, as Rick had guessed it would be after he'd phoned his Lisbon man and heard that the transaction had gone down at midday. He took the case and then hit Frankie once and left him lying, closing up the bank door behind him and trotting down to the beach where the fishing boat, lamps alight, was waiting In the water with Bean at the helm to take him out to the high-powered launch. Rick tossed in the case and they were moving into the waves already as he vaulted aboard.

Bean Boas grinned hugely and clasped Rick's arm as the boat ploughed, rocking, towards the cove's entrance. Rick grinned back, but then stood, steadying himself, and turned to look back one last time at the village.

As he stared, high within the outline of the hotel a single light winked on.

Rick went rigid, then shuddered. Then sighing, he told Boas in a level voice: "Take me back."

"Are you crazy? They'll be coming. You got away clean."

"I'm not going without her. It wouldn't mean anything now."

Bean swore once in Portuguese, but he saw the look on Rick's face and swung the little boat's tiller.

As they ground into the sand Rick jumped into the surf and pounded gasping up on to the cobbles of the square. Strolling tourists recoiled as he charged on, his eyes fixed on the road, feeling the firm's cars racing south towards the village – how close were they? As he was reaching the hotel Frankie Silva tottered out from the door of the bank; Rick swatted him down again and then he was gasping up the hotel stairs, at her door, into her room.

And froze. As she heard him coming, Carol was rising to her feet, her breasts still bare and tensing now as her hand plunged into her pink leather duffle bag.

He saw the veil pass from her eyes, saw them finally blaze with the cold fury of the huntress she was.

Heard his friend Tommy's voice far in the distance saying: "Maybe more than one of them."

Had time only for half a smile as both her hands whipped up, wrapped around the state-of-the-art plastic automatic pistol, and squeezing the trigger, sent a hollow point .22 bullet straight into Rick's disbelieving brain. MO

MEN ONLY

C·L·A·S·S·I·F·I·E·D

THROBBING SEX ACTION

I love to suck	0836 403742
Funk me hard	0836 403743
Lesbian pussy action	0836 403744
Hand up my skirt	0836 403745
I can make it throb	0836 403746
Erect nipples	0836 403747
Vibrator action	0836 403748
Make me moan	0836 403749
Doggy fashion	0836 403750
Sticky climax	0836 403751
Under my skirt	0836 403752
Sarah sucks	0836 403753
Probing fingers	0836 403754
Spank me	0836 403755
Dominant lady	0836 403756
Rubber lust	0836 403757
Rock hard and throbbing	0836 403758
My hand is ready	0836 403759
Lick me clean	0836 403760
Raw sex	0836 403761
Rampant lesbian lust	0836 403762
Push it deep	0836 403763
Between my lips	0836 403764
Damp silk panties	0836 403765
Let me sit on it	0836 403766
Spanked	0836 403767
Give me 8″	0836 403768

First Step Productions. P.O. Box 384 CAM.
Calls charged at 33p per min. cheap rate and 44p per min other times.

THONGS

MEN'S & WOMEN'S
MADE FROM VERY SOFT BLACK, WHITE OR RED GLOVING LEATHER
Soft, sexy & beautiful to wear with shaped back
MEN'S £6.00 incP&P
WOMEN'S £5.00 incP&P
ORDER NOW
stating colour required
(Full refund if not delighted)
Our exciting full-colour brochure FREE with order or only £1

Designs in Leather
Dept PR37
3 Leigham Court Drive, Leigh-on-Sea,
Essex SS9 1PS.
PERSONAL CALLERS WELCOME

4— CLUBS

PAN WORLD

Nationwide Adult Contact Mag.
120 pages, Britain's largest. 100's of photo's. Send £10.00 for latest issue to
Pan World, P.O. Box 1260,
London SW8 5NZ, or phone
0293 775710,
24hr answerphone.

ADAM AND EVE SAUNA CLUB

Britain's first sauna club for liberated people. Open 6 nights per week from 5pm – 11pm 2 mixed saunas, pool room, video lounges, private rooms, sunbeds,
206 Liverpool Road,
Eccles, Manchester
061 789 8500

5— DATING SERVICES

Seeking an oriental partner or just a sexual encounter, we have both, send SAE to, In Touch, P.O. Box 69, Reigate, Surrey RH2 8YX, or send £10 for latest hot horny contact magazine 0293 785329, 24 hr answerphone.

PENPAL Mag for lonely people. Approved copy from Matchmaker (D.99), Chorley, Lancs.

6— ESCORTS

INTELLECTUAL escorts, naughty ladies, sophisticated secretaries, bored housewives, glamorous models, unique and interesting 081-749 2513 or 0836 578333. 24 hours.

LENA executive escort service for Heathrow and London. Credit cards. 081-749 7492.

LONDON and Heathrow escort service. Call Maya. Credit cards. 081-749 3062.

BRIDGETTES escorts, Manchester and Lancashire area. Hotels only (0706) 225735.

RENDEZ-VOUS ESCORTS

GOLDEN GIRLS FROM SCANDANAVIA, OR MAYBE AN ENGLISH ROSE. A TASTE OF CHINA, OR A DUSKY INDIAN GIRL...
071 431 4828
LONDON/HEATHROW

EBONY

For a
BEAUTIFUL BRAZILIAN
CURVACEOUS
CARIBBREAN
IRRESISTIBLE INDIAN
All friendly young girls
071-229 2669

JESSICA' ESCORT SERVICE

for Extraordinaire delights call
071-266 3378
European and oriental femmé fatales

PUSSYCATS

"A Touch of Class"

Discreet Beautiful Escorts From Around the World For First Class Gentlemen

Tele: 081-347-8533

BLONDS ESCORT SERVICE

081-746 3939
London/Heathrow
24 hours

MODELS INTERNATIONAL

Beautiful girls from around the world with class, intelligence and sense of humour.
081 746 2570.
Credit cards accepted.
24 hours.

1000 PRETTY GIRLS

from Holland, Scandinavia, Europe, Asia, N/S-America & Worldwide seek friendship, love, marriage. Ask for our FREE PHOTOBROCHURE !
Correspondence Club '70/E
Box 8177 Rotterdam HOLLAND

London – Heathrow Orient Escort 24 hours

Beautiful young sensual Far Eastern girls, Thai, Japanesec Chinese, Phillipino, etc.
Tel: 071-373 7275.

24 HOURS LONDON–HEATHROW Escort service

Beautiful Chinese, Japanese Malaysian, Indian Thai & European Girls available.
081-748 9000
Major Credit Cards Accepted

DEVILLE Escorts. Very attractive sophisticated ladies. Manchester N.W. area 0925 231435 12 noon-12 midnight.

CLASS"A" escorts, most nationalities available. Manchester 061-202 3553.

LONDON VIP Escort service. All special selected, all educated, friendly and fun. 071-266 4090. 24 hours.

ESCORT'S exclusive service covering London and airports only. 081-771 0535

LONDON'S Finest Escort Service is only a phone call away! Tel 071-402 0651

MYSTIQUE ESCORTS

Different kind of Magic

"Even over the phone I knew she had beautiful eyes"
Make it happen to you!!!
Tel: 071 433 1333 24hrs

ATTRACTIVE Escort West End Mon-Fri 11am 12am. 0831 358321.

EXEXECUTIVE ESCORTS

Beautiful Girls
Chinese, Japanese, Eurasian, Malaysian, Indian
24 HOURS
071-402 9044
London/Heathrow.

11— TELEPHONE ENTERTAINMENT

Lines are for entertainment only

LADY, 26, large flat S.W. London, seeks DIY enthusiast. Odd jobs, some decorating, in exchange for discreet personal favours. Phone 0898 884100.

HOUSEWIFE offers free bed and board to well hung man. Not weekends. Discretion assured. 0898 884101.

ATTRACTIVE lady, 30, large breasts loves suspenders, seeks man for sexy fun. Will travel. Phone 0898 884102 anytime and listen.

BEAUTIFUL Asian girl will teach you the Kama Sutra, dial 0898 884103 and hear my message.

FIRST ad. Sexy educated young lady wants to meet attractive couple for fun. Will bring boyfriend if required 0898 884104.

INTIMATE meetings sought by 18 year old Sally, 38-23-36. Very expensive tastes so a rich older man preferred. 0898 884105.

18 YEAR Sally needs a lover who can satisfy. I'm loaded so you needn't be. If you want sex call me. 0898 884106.

COLLEGE girl, small breasts, long slim legs, dark hair, attractive, wants kind but physical man to teach her about sex. No strings. Experienced men only ring 0898 884107.

UNDERSTANDING female needs to meet men who will wear her panties and stockings. 0898 884108.

47 YEAR old divorcee has time on her hands, her own flat and longs for a super stud to satisfy her raging desires. 0898 884109.

LESBIAN couple want man to watch them make love. Possible involvement for suitable application. Masturbation lovers welcome. Ring 0898 884110.

SHY young virgin wants to be seduced by an older woman. 0898 884111.

ORIENTAL girl wants to go straight. Phone 0898 884112 and hear my plea.

KINKY lesbian fun. Just dial and listen. 0898 884113.

USE your tongue on me and hear me moan. 0898 884114.

I WANT to feel a hard tool slide into me 0898 884115

NAUGHTY lesbian action 0898 884116 (24 hrs).

EXPLICIT two girls. 0898 884117.

TWO traffic wardens in uniform will let you watch. 0898 884118.

SWAP raunchy photos of sexy young wife for same 0898 884119.

RIP my tights off now. 0898 884120.

PINK and parted lips 0898 884121.

THREE sex hungry wives want a man to indulge 0898 884122.

SHORT skirt and no panties. 0898 884123.

HORNY nympho sucks. 0898 884124.

HOT lips, parted thighs. 0898 884125.

DIRTY young Jane loves going down. 0898 884126.

LET me watch you with my wife. 0898 884127.

BLACK stocking tops, white thighs, no panites. 0898 884128.

YOUNG housewife seeks discreet sexy men for occasional afternoon fun. 0898 884129.

LARGE dominant matron wants men to discipline 0898 884130.

SEX slave needed. 0898 884131.

SHORT leather skirt, seamed black stockings. 0898 884132.

NAUGHTY girl needs spanking. 0898 884133.

BIG girl wears leather and spanks naughty boys. 0898 884134.

HEADMISTRESS will cane you if you dare to dial 0898 884135.

CLIMAX with Sandy. 0898 884136.

ORAL sex. 0898 884137.

LET me lick and suck your banana. 0898 884138.

SLIDE in slowly. 0898 884139.

NAUGHTY night nurse, steaming sex. 0898 884140.

PULL my knickers down. 0898 884141.

TWO young girls, very attractive, very sexy, offer personal services. 0898 884142.

TENSION or frustrated? Call Samantha now on 0898 884143.

DANIELLE offers personal discreet service. 0898 884144.

MASSAGE by beautiful blonde. Luxury flat. 0898 884145.

ORIENTAL beauty gives stimulating eastern massage. 0898 884146.

18 YEAR old Susie was a virgin until she worked as an escort. Hear the sordid dirty details on 0898 884147.

LADY cyclist has used panties to give away to deserving man. 0898 884148.

NURSE in uniform gives bed baths. 0898 884149.

LESBIAN Lovers are turned on by men watching them in action. Willing voyeurs phone 0836 403 358.

HEAR all the action from this dirty girl. Ring 0836 403 397.

STRIP me. feel me, hear me. Just dial 0836 403 391 and listen.

DIAL a girl on 0836 403 359.

SHOCKING!Dial 0836 403 396 to hear how I can stisfy you.

LINGERIE! If lingerie turns you on, particularly ripped and torn tights, call now on 0836 403 357.

Lines are for entertainment only. Charged at 33p per min. cheap and 44p per min. other times. Supplied by First Step Productions, P.O. Box 384 CAM.

THE ZOE PARTNERSHIP

presents

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

The Agency for the Man who does not always have time to spare.

TEL **071-221 8455**

"Top mobile escorts required for all areas"

MEN ONLY

C·L·A·S·S·I·F·I·E·D

HAVE SEX WITH ME
0836 402125

BARE BOTTOMS WAITING
0836 402804

FINGER LICKING lesbians require discreet male listeners 0836 402121

ON MY KNEES IN FRONT OF HIM
Call
0836 402122

EXPOSED BOTTOMS
WAITING 0836 402123

0836 402802
BORN TO MASTURBATE

JOIN ANITA FOR
MUTAL MASTURBATION
0836 402801

STRIP ME NAKED
0836 402805

DEEP THROAT
ORAL SEX
0836 402803

I'M SALLY AND I'LL
SUCK YOU DRY
0836 402800

HOT 'N' HORNY
0836 402116

0836 402117
I'LL SUCK YOU DRY

Pantie flashing
0836 402124

First Step Productions, P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 33p per min. cheap. 44p other times.

7— ADULT VIDEOS

SPANKING

Britain's best choice for video and audio tapes, mags etc.
Sample video only £20.
Audio tape or mag. only £8.
Also **FREE** lists with S.A.E. to
I.J. Promotions
Dept (MO)
P.O. Box 414,
Windsor, Berks SL4 5BN

TRY BEFORE YOU BUY

Latest original American and German **XXXX** VHS videos.
Free catalogue and 10 days trial.

B.C.M., Box 8313,
London WC1N 3XX.

100% EXPLICIT VHS SEX VIDEOS WIDE RANGE

Assured quality, discretion, value and delivery .... send today name/address for free lists to
Zuri Brief (MO) Postlagernd
8059 Zurich Switzerland

XXXX

Samantha's Adult Videos (VHS).
Phone
(0255) 822170
anytime.

HOT - PHONE - SEX

SELF SATISFACTION	0836 402 126
ORAL CLIMAX	0836 402 127
SLAVE GIRL	0836 402 128
HOT & WAITING	0836 402 129
PAMELA SUCKS	0836 402 130
PANTING PAM	0836 402 131
BIG MAN WANTED	0836 402 132
DIRTY SEX FANTASIES	0836 402 133
HOUSEWIFE DESIRES	0836 402 134
PUNISH ME	0836 402 135
LEATHER LADY	0836 402 136
ADULTS (OVER 21) ONLY	0836 402 137
SMACKED BOTTOM	0836 402 138
PERT NIPPLES	0836 402 139
LET ME LICK YOU	0836 402 140
TALK DIRTY TO ME	0836 402 141
PANTIE PLEASURE	0836 402 142
HORNY & WET	0836 402 143
BANANA EATING	0836 402 144
STIFF & READY	0836 402 145
SUSPENDERS	0836 402 146

First Step Productions, P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 33p per min. cheap. 44p other times

SHOCKING!

We guarantee you'll be shocked by our 90 minute sample video. Stunning beauties. all girl lesbian action. **Explicit, with no holds barred.**

Full 90 minute video only £10 sent by return under plain cover. Seven day money back guarantee, if not completely satisfied! Send orders to:
Paul Holland Promotions
Dept (MO), Rivington House,
82 Great Eastern Street,
London EC2A 3JL
Latest imports also available.

EROTIC VIDEOS

Quality Selected
Erotic Videos
Send only £15 stating VHS or Beta for your 90 minute sample video and catalogue, p&p FREE.
Ten day money back guarantee of satisfaction.
Sewnd Cheque/P.O.
Chroma Video, Dept C.,
21-23 Ashbourne Rd,
Derby, BE3 3FQ

ADULT VIDEO'S

FOR LATEST TOP QUALITY TITLES

TRY US

FREE CATALOGUE
Sample tape £15
VHS only Send to
T. Jacob
Postbus 1168 3000BD
Rotterdam, Holland

10— MASSAGE

PROFESSIONAL gentlemen. Sensual massage by select young lady. Private apartment. Weekday appointment. Brighton 0273 208108.

EXECUTIVE stress, Wimbledon, qualified masseuse. 081-944 6675.

SENSUAL and corrective massage. 0742 561009.

MANCHESTER massage bubbly blonde aims to please. Executive gents only. 061 434 5205.

EXPLICIT CONTINENTAL VIDEOS

We stock only the very best, individually selected, explicit continental videos.
Send only £10 for your 1½ Hr sample video and list, state VHS or Beta, p&p free.
ten day money back guarantee if not completely satisfied.
Send Cheque/P.O.
ANW Ltd, Dept C, 106 Derby Lane,
Liverpool L13 3DW.

FRANCE de Paris. Friendly massage by a lovely busty brunette. 071-629 7569.

EXPERIENCED Anglo-Indian beauty gives serious massage. Miss Ross 071-278 1501.

SENSUOUS massage at Heathrow or visiting all areas. 081-570 7363. Discretion assured.

MASSAGE by phone. A truly erotic experience. 0836 684986.

ASSISTED bath and massage by a lovely Japanese lady. 081-789 9875.

BRIGHTON. centre, attractive young lady provides the ultimate massage. 726740.

GENTLEMEN prefer blondes, a leisurely massage in Fulham. 071 384 1281.

FANTASIES. Relax with trained attractive young masseuse. Private near Marylebone Station. Tel (071) 402 2639.

A truly gentle, caring massage with a charming selective young lady. Corina. Tel: 071-402 1044.

LOVELY leggy blonde gives a superb corrective massage in a delightful atmosphere. Ring Vivienne: 071-402 3476.

MADO. She's back, call your favourite French masseuse. Monday to Friday, Warwick Avenue Station. 11.30a.m. to 8.00pm. 071-289 4112.

LIPSTICK, for that secret and intimate live phone affair. 0836 685159.

BRIGHTON, a delightful understanding young blonde masseuse, offers a luxury massage for the discerning businessman. Mon-Sat. 11.00am-9.30pm 0273 727627.

I'M a curvy, very friendly enthusiastic but sensible masseuse who adores her work. 071-723 6903.

BIRMINGHAM, gorgeous curvy blonde gives massage to business gentlemen. 021-420 4480.

AMY gives leisurely massage to professional gents wanting that extra touch. Tel. 081-968 5411.

COVENTRY massage. Visiting service by attractive young lady. (0203) 618539.

WENDY - Unhurried massage and bath by attactive friendly masseuse. 061-434 6558.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE. Beautiful bubbly blonde offers relaxing massage in discreet luxury. Emma. 071-581 1216.

RELAX with oriental Thai beauty for a caring massge. 071-624 7368.

MELANIE, a bubbly blonde offers a funfilled massage in luxury apartment. 7 days 12-7, 021-456 2134.

DANISH TOUCH - elegant masseuse from Denmark will relax you. Please give me a call 071-730 6518.

SUPERB blonde dares you to try her sensational massage. 071-792 2632.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE. Fun-filled massage guarantee. 7 days. Call Charlotte. 071-581 0090.

DISTINGUISHED lady provides fabulous massage for debonair gentlemen. (081) 748 5569.

BEAUTIFUL shapely blonde adores giving fantastic corrective massage. Luxurious apartment. 071-706 0923.

BIRMINGHAM, new advertiser, massage by Dee, (blonde, beautiful). Tel: 021-707 7747.

MASSAGE Call Jill. Available 10am to 5pm Daily. Manchester area. 061-797 1923.

RAMPANT UNCENSORED SEX TALK

Caught From Behind	0836 403 772
Sticky Fingers	0836 403 773
Make Me Groan	0836 403 774
Sally's Mouthful	0836 403 775
Hot Lesbian Lust	0836 403 776
Uniform Delights	0836 403 777
Spiked Heeled Lust	0836 403 778
Leather Mistress	0836 403 779
Soft Silky Panties	0836 403 780
Fishnet Fetish	0836 403 781
Frustrated Married Women	0836 403 782
Fat Horney Housewife	0836 403 783
Playing With Myself	0836 403 784
Dressed Like A Tart	0836 403 785
Slip Between Them	0836 403 786
Bare Bottom, Pink & Flushed	0836 403 787
I'm Naughty, Spank Me	0836 403 788
Let Me Lick It Up and Down	0836 403 789
Skirt Around My Waist	0836 403 790
Soft Parted Lips	0836 403 791
Sexually Deprived Divorcee	0836 403 792
Complete Oral Satisfaction	0836 403 793
Shoot All Over Me	0836 403 794
Big Girl Sucks	0836 403 795
My Lips Around You	0836 403 796
Sex Slaves	0836 403 797
Deep Throat Pleasure	0836 403 798
Come In Knickers	0836 403 799

First Step Productions. P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 33p per min cheap rate and 44p per min other times.

MARBLE Arch attractive blonde for elisurely massage with shower. Call Fiona. 071 724 9416.

GLASGOW Sensual massage in private surroundings. 7 days 041 422 1685.

HEIDI Beautiful German mistress offers massage with lashings of fun. Visits available. 071-266 3307.

DELECTABLE ex-glamour model (genuine) will massage and refresh you 071-723 1868.

MASSAGE by beautiful English blonde. Hyde Park area. 071-221 5051.

BRISTOL Massage. Debbie. 0272 541228.

GENUINE blonde offers Swedish massage. Surrey based. Tel: 081 390 8425.

LONDON V.I.P. massage service. 071-266 4090. 24 hours.

BEAUTIFUL young brunette offers lasting massage. Call 061 256 2986.

EBONY beauty, silky sensuous, soft, massage. Mara. 0836 279414.

MAI-LING young Thai-Singapore girl gives oriental massage. 071 372 3031 04 071 328 9309

BIRMINGHAM Leggy natural blonde offers massage in discreet, opulent surroundings. Kate: 021 643 3517

LAURA-ANNE Beautiful brown Caribbean beauty offers firm gemtle massage. 021 266 3336.

CHRISTINA is back in Knightsbridge. Relaxed, unhurried, massage. 071-589 4696.

MANCHESTER South. Beautiful blonde offers luxury massage. Opulent apartment 0706 79866.

From Europe's Sex Capital

"AMSTERDAM"

Sensational Explicit Adult videos. We only deal in high quality professionally-made films, whose producers use only the most beautiful Adult film stars.

Fabulous 10 Film, uncensored trailer, VHS/Beta and large illustrated catalogue. Only £30.00.

Send: U.K. Cheques/International money orders/postal orders. Guaranteed discreet delivery, UK Despatch.

Inga Svendson (Dept ES)
Post Box 664, 1180 AR
Amstelveen, Holland

MEN ONLY CLASSIFIED

MISS JANUS firm attrctive leisurely massage. 071 603 3386.

BRIGHTON tall model gives ultimate massage. 0273 778710. Access and Visa.

LINGERIE Clad masseuse for erotic massage. 071-272 0581.

LONDON attractive masseuse. Tel: 071 613 2705.

BIRMINGHAM Relaxing masssage with attractive young lady. Calıl Mandy 021 471 2517.

BIRMINGHAM genuine redhead gives delightful massage privately. Annabel. 021-456 1324.

NICOLA Knightsbridge. Sensuous massage with pretty young blonde. 0836 405379.

MANCHESTER – Victoria offers private massage, with a touch of class. 061 224 2422.

ABSOLUTELY the right choice for the massage you will never forget and that's a promise. 021 454 5536

VIVACIOUS entertaining, buxom beauty for massage. Surrey. 081 642 5950.

MANCHESTER Christina and Danielle massage executive gents. Call them 061-653 4412.

ABSOLUTELY Delightful massage by Danielle. Central Birmingham. 021-454 0221.

17— PERSONAL PHONE MESSAGES

BIG lady, into black leather, etc. wants man to dominate. Dial immediately on 0836 403 711.

19 years old daddy's girl want a real man to phone her. I might be posh but I can be tarty too. You don't need money or a car, I've got both. If you fancy yourself as a a bit of a rough call 0836 403 701.

VISITING London? Pretty young lady will entertain you and explore your sexual fantasies. very accommodating. Phone 0836 403 700 anytime.

SECRETARY, 29 years, blonde, blue eyes quite tall seeks non serious sexual relationahip with active physical man. 0836 403 702.

YOUNG sexy lady seeks modelling work, not shy. 0836 403 703

MY speciality is a hand job, but I can just talk dirty if that's what you want. Call 0836 403 704.

SOLDIER or sailor wanted for fulfilling sexual relationship. I'm young, a bit plump with squeezable breasts. I'm also disgustingly horny. Call me. 0836 403 705.

RANDY convent educated nympho, just 18, dark hair, top heavy (38″) wants sex all the time. Phone Mary on 0836 403 706.

DRESSED like a tart no man can resist me. 0836 403 707.

MY husband calls me a slut but he's just boring. Really dirty men call me on 0836 403 708 strictly for fun.

ARE you frustrated? I can relieve you now. Just all 0836 403 709. I need to talk dirty.

LONELY girl, 23, brunette, brown eyes, good looking, average height, seeks man for a relationship. Willing to please the right man. Please phone me on 0836 403 710.

ORAL satisfaction, anytime, anywhere. 0836 403 712.

TWO horny young girls love to model naughty underwear, lingerie lovers dial 0836 403 713 and join us in some steamy action.

BLOW JOB 0836 403 714.

FEMALE sales rep travelling through England seeks men for evening pleasures. Dial 0836 403 715.

INDIAN girl seeks steamy affair. Married so must be discreet. 0836 403 716.

HORNY married women want to satisfy their desires with you. 0836 403 717.

NYMPHO wants to meet someone who can really satisfy. One man has never been enough, call me on 0836 403 718.

GYM teacher will order you to bend down for a severe thrashing if you do not do exactly as you are told. 0836 403 719.

DESPERATE Divorcee, late twenties. Give me something rock hard and throbbing. 0836 403 720.

PLEASE spank me. I've been a naughty girl again and must be punished. 0836 403 721.

NYMPHO wants sex. Call now. 0836 403 722.

EXTREMELY large, mature lady, wants to satisfy you. 0836 403 723.

VOYEUR wants to watch his wife with another man. She's got breasts like melons and loves high heels, stockings, suspenders and crutchless knickers. Genuine applications only dial 0836 403 724.

LIFT my skirt and slide my white lacy panties down slowly. 0836 403 725.

GIRL, good looking, small breasts, wants two men to join her fantasy. 0836 403 726.

VERY naughty air hostess seeks man friend for really horny sex. Will wear my uniform if it turns you on. 0836 403 727.

CAMERA owner? Pretty model poses glamour, nude, fantasies. 0836 403 728.

TWO young female Swedish students (just 18) touring UK want free bed and breakfast on their travels. Willing to pay in kind. Call 0836 403 729.

18 YR old deliciously naughty college girl seeks headmaster figure for dormitory spanking sessions. 0836 403 730.

BISEXUAL lady (28) with younger girlfriend urgently wants a super stud to at out her fantasies with. Girlfriend to watch. Possibility of threesome. Dial 0836 403 731.

43 YEAR old housewife, enormous breasts, brunette, loves wearing stockings and suspenders, will give sex education lessons to young men in exchange for a few little jobs around the house. Telephone 0836 403 732.

HELP! Plain but energetic girl (23) desperately wants older man (or couple) for sex tuition. No weirdo's. I want to try everything. Phone. 0836 403 733.

WANTED! Well hung men for sex video. No time wasters, call anytime 0836 403 734.

RELAXING soothing blow job. 0836 403 735.

SPORTSGIRL has used blue knickers. Masturbation lovers only phone. 0836 403 736.

ATTRACTIVE lady (29), understanding husband, seeks physical men for sexy fun and recreation. No weekends. Phone 0836 403 737.

DRIVE me wild in bed. Divorcee 26 years. 0836 403 738.

FOR the very best in hand massage 0836 403 739.

LARGE breasted busty female seeks shy young man to teach about sex. Call 0836 403 740.

TWO young female students, very tanned, very physical, very poor, want young man (or men) to entertain them. if we like you we can be really dirty. Please phone, evenings only. 0836 403 741.

HOUSEWIFE with plenty of free time (36) wishes to meet man for all sorts of sexy fun. Must be discreet. Your place only. Big men ring 0836 403 742.

FRENCH au pair seeks English men for sex fun. Weekends only but call anytimne on 0836 403 743.

BROADMINDED divorcee (28) seeks horny single men or couples for sex an mutual satisfaction. Ring. 0836 403 744.

LESBIAN couple who may be bi-sexual seek large hung man to give pleasure, or just to watch, call on 0836 403 745.

VIRGIN 19, needs kind considerate experienced man. Please help me. 0836 403 746.

HOUSEWIFE is into being tied up and caned. Husband isn't. Adventurous man wanted to fulfil my fantasy. Call discreetly 0836 403 747.

DRIPPING with money. Rich girl, single, tall, slim but curvey, wants a man for good physical sex. Call Jessica. 0836 403 748.

RANDY mother and daughter want a sexy threesome with any well built stud who calls 0836 403 749.

Lines are for entertainment only and messages may change from advertised. Supplied by First Step Productions, P.O. Box 384 CAM. Calls charged at 33p per cheap. 44p other times.

The No. 1 U.K. Live Line. Free Call Back.

LIPSTICK

For that most intimate and private live phone affair.

The *Lipstick* girls are waiting to satisfy you!

0836 684986

Call us today. Free call back

"Your Choice"

Postbus 2138, 1000 CC,
AMSTERDAM, Holland.
Phone:(0103120) 204209

FREE SEX

CATALOGUE

Illustrated Offers
of Adult Entertainment

Fast, discreet U.K. dispatch.
Your Delight Guaranteed

Send or phone for yours

Name ....

Address ....

....

.... Postcode

(MO) Postage to Holland 22p

NEXT MONTH IN MEN ONLY

YUM-ORAMA!

YES, MEN, NEXT MONTH'S FABULOUS NEW IMPROVED DE LUXE YUM-ORAMA-SCOPE *MEN ONLY* BRINGS YOU A WHOLE NEW CLUTCH OF YODELLING GORGEOBUMS IN OUR ALL-NEW HESSIAN-BACKED TWEED FINISH STEREO GROPO-COLOUR CRUSHED RECYCLABLE VELOUR EURO CHUNNEL KNICKER MATERIAL. DISCOVER YOURS NEXT MONTH ON THE TRAIN SEAT NEXT TO YOU. VOL. 55 NO. 13 ON SALE DECEMBER 13th.

BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!

continued from page 10

as he started to slide his cock between them. He was obviously close to coming because as she said: "Come for me," I could see wads of his spunk splashing out of her cleavage and over her chin, just before he knelt up and delivered the rest over her waiting body.

As he sank back on his heels, Margaret sat up and started to rub their combined ejaculate over her body. The boys were smiling weakly as she stood up and took both their hands and led them back indoors. I heard a last snatch of conversation as Margaret said something about 'condoms' and 'making love properly next time'.

All I hope is that it is a warm, sunny day and they do it on Margaret's patio and I am at home! Should I be so lucky – WATCH THIS SPACE!

Alan,
Beaconsfield, Bucks.

Fun And Profit

Sir: I came home early from work last week to find my wife, Martine, naked in the bedroom, with her best friend licking her pussy. My wife was sitting right on Madeleine's face and I could see her tongue probing Martine's wet cunt.

I didn't make a fuss. I found it madly erotic and my cock nearly burst through my jeans at the sight. I went out and left them to it.

Later, I told my wife it was OK by me, so long as I could watch. She said that was all right but, so that I didn't disturb her friend – who is a confirmed lesbian and hates men – I should watch from the passage, through one of the holes in the wall left there from the time when this part of the house was a stable. I agreed. So last night I again came home early.

I had a hard-on before I opened the door. And when I looked and saw my wife, bottom in the air, while her friend fucked her with a thick rubber dildo, I almost came in my pants. I had to have her. I rushed down the corridor towards the bedroom door and bumped into . . . a body. Well, three actually. It turned out to be the Mayor, the schoolmaster and the butcher, all watching through holes. They said they paid £25 a night to watch and told me to bugger off.

What shall I do?

T.K.,
Yorkshire.

Well, I should double the price for a start. £50 at least for a show like that, although I would have to see it to advise you fully. Please let me know when it is convenient. – Ed.

No Breasts

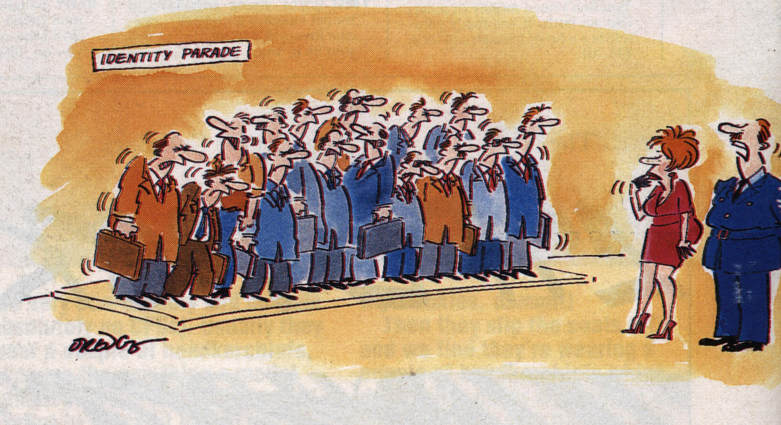
Sir: I have been making love to my girlfriend for three years. True, I don't like to do it the normal way. I love to bunch her breasts up in a black lace bra and put my cock between them, fucking her tits hard until my cock reaches her mouth and she can suck me in, swallowing the rapturous stream of hot semen my delighted penis donates to her because of her beauty.

But disaster! Last evening, after a particularly rapturous session, I gave one last vigorous thrust – to try and bury my cock in her willing mouth – when her tits came away between my thighs!

They were merely rubber. She is a man! Tell me, what shall I do?

F.K.,
Salisbury.

Get another pair of falsies with a stronger strap. You seem ideally suited to one another. If you haven't noticed for three years, then she doesn't lack anything you could possibly use. – Ed.



"Just point out the man who groped you on the Tube, Miss."

Color Climax

VIDEOS-NOW IN THE U.K.

BEAT THESE PRICES IF YOU CAN!
£14.95 EACH
ANY 2 £27.95
ALL 5 £49.95

For the first time ever Color Climax are offering for sale explicit sex videos at big discount prices.

Known throughout Europe for the highest quality sex videos, this is the opportunity you cannot afford to miss — these explicit raw Scandinavian sex videos are now priced lower than ever before.

STAR BUY VIDEO — MOST EXPLICIT:
FINISHING OUT

This 18 year old, lust laden lady is sent to a new finishing school by her father, in the hope it will tame her wild ways. What he doesn't know is that the school is packed with lusty females who will open their legs for anyone — packed with girls experimenting, while others sprawl naked in sex filled groups.

Import Price ~~£59.95~~ **REDUCED TO £14.95**

Private Lines, 627 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4NE

Color Climax
VIDEO SAL
Explicit Sex Videos
For the first time ever Color Climax are slashing the prices of a whole range of video titles.

EXPLICIT VIDEO CATALOGUE
Full colour, uncensored throughout

- ► **COVER PRICE £5**
- ► **YOURS FOR ONLY £2**
- ► **FREE WITH ORDER**

THE GOOD, THE BAD & THE NAUGHTY

Firstly the bored housewife seduces the decorator with the oversized roller — then his young assistant walks in. James gets Louise drunk to take advantage of her lovely body. While at the hotel the guests get involved with the staff in a kinky continuous sex act.

Import Price ~~£49.95~~ **REDUCED TO £14.95**

EROTIC FANTASY

The brothel is swinging — of the eight girls, one is being shafted by an Arab built like an oil platform, two more are tied up with a lesbo lady. Another is being screwed by two sailors and yet another is giving a blow-job. Two more girls dance together while the newest girl practices oral sex on the Madame.

Import Price ~~£49.95~~ **REDUCED TO £14.95**

THE NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE

Everyone fancies Phillip's wife. She's a well built honey who goes like a steam train. And one by one, all the neighbours have a go in a frenzy of continuous sex — Do not miss it!

Import Price ~~£49.95~~ **REDUCED TO £14.95**

SWEDISH NYMPHO GIRLS

Girls who are slaves to their own sexual desires, who give their bodies to every depraved act in the book. Watch them taken in every way, including oral sex and lesbian action.

Import Price ~~£49.95~~ **REDUCED TO £14.95**

ORDER BY POST

Please despatch quickly, under plain cover, the titles indicated below. I enclose cash/cheque/PO for £ If paying by cheque, make payable to MO Division and add your name and address to reverse side.

- ☐ **Finishing Out**
- ☐ **The Good, the Bad & Naughty**
- ☐ **The Neighbour's Wife**
- ☐ **Erotic Fantasy**
- ☐ **Swedish Nympho Girls**

- ☐ **catalogue £2 FREE**

ALL THE ABOVE: £14.95 EACH ANY 2 £27.95 ALL 5 £49.95

- ☐ VHS
- ☐ BETA — add £5 per order

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

____

_________________Postcode___________

I am aware of the nature of these videos and agree not to show them to minors.

Signed________________________I am over 18

PRIVATE LINES (Dept MO)
627 Forest Rd.Walthamstow London E17 4NE

City Trading Reg. No: 2174586

1100

Callers welcome Mon-Sat 9.30-6pm (Fri 8pm)

SEX SHOPS — LONDON (Sth) 14 Bourne Rd, (Bexley Village) Bexley, *1539 London Rd, Norbury SW16, *19 West Hill, Wandsworth SW18 **BARNSLEY** *3 Doncaster Rd. **BATH** 28 Victoria Bldgs, Lwr Bristol Rd. **BLACKBURN** *71 Darwen St. **BLACKPOOL** 311 Church St. **BOURNEMOUTH** 216 Holdenhurst Rd. **BRIGHTON** *11 Surrey St. **BRISTOL** *76 West St., Old Market **CAMBRIDGE** 38 Chesterton Rd. **CARLISLE** *6 London Rd. **CHATHAM** *18 High St. **CHELMSFORD** *167 Moulsham St. **COLCHESTER** *74 Butt Rd. **COVENTRY** 34 Walsgrave Rd. **CROYDON** *109a Church St. **DARLINGTON** *91 Victoria Rd. **DERBY** *61 Osmaston Rd. **EXETER** Private shop *133 Fore St. **GLOUCESTER** *17-24 Trade Offices, Cattle Market. **GRIMSBY** *189 Grimsby Rd. **GREAT YARMOUTH** 3 Howard St. North **HEMEL HEMPSTEAD** 193 London Rd. **KETTERING** *25 Market St. **KINGS LYNN** *41 Norfolk St. **KINGSTON** 203 Kingston Rd., New Malden **LEICESTER** *116 Granby St. **LINCOLN** *68 High St. **LIVERPOOL** *63 Moorfields **LUTON** *74 Wellington St. **MACCLESFIELD** *77 Chestergate **MANCHESTER** *54 Oldham St. **MARGATE** *55 Northdown Rd. **MIDDLESBROUGH** 14 Borough Rd. **NEWCASTLE** 56 Westmorland Rd. **OLDHAM** *95 Huddersfield Rd. **OXFORD** 54 Cowley Rd. **READING** *108 Southampton St. **ROTHERHAM** *3/5 Rawmarsh Hill, Parkgate **SWINDON** 7 Devizes Rd., Old Town **WEST BROMWICH** *19 Bull St., Ringway **WOLVERHAMPTON** 17 Broad St. **YORK** *12/14 Bootham ●●● **WALES — NEWPORT** 16 Cardiff Rd. **WREXHAM** 6 Yorke St. *Licensed by appropriate Local Authority.

STOCKISTS These are non-sex shops who carry some adult products incidental to their main business, they may not carry the particular product advertised: ●●● **LONDON (East)** 627 Forest Rd, Walthamstow E17 **(North)** 682 Holloway Road N19 **(South)** 318 Lewisham Rd, Lewisham SE13. **ALDERSHOT** 266b High St. **BARROW-IN-FURNESS** 6 Dalkeith St. **BEDFORD** 72 Tavistock St. **BIRMINGHAM** (Cen) 43 The Bull Ring *(above Open Air Mkt)* **BIRMINGHAM** 487 Stratford Rd., Sparkhill **BOLTON** 201 St George's Rd. **BRADFORD** 147 Manningham Lane **BURNLEY** 124c Colne Rd. **BURY** 94 Rochdale Rd. **CHESTER** 5 Boughton **CHESTERFIELD** 528 Sheffield Rd. **CREWE** 74 Edelston Rd. **DONCASTER** 15 Copley Rd. **FOLKESTONE** 105 Dover Rd. **HUDDERSFIELD** 70 Bradford Rd., Fartown **HULL** 263 Hessle Rd. **LEEDS** 209 North St. Sheepscarr **MANSFIELD** 19 Ratcliffe Gate **NORTHAMPTON** 8 Regent Sq. **NORWICH** 39 St Augustine's St. **NOTTINGHAM** 18 Carrington St., 213 Mansfield Rd. **PETERBOROUGH** 75 Oundle Rd. **PLYMOUTH** 31 Princess St., Derrys Cross. **PRESTON** 442 New Hall Lane **SALISBURY** 125 South Western Rd. *(behind Station)* **SHEFFIELD** Unit 5, 68 Division St. **SHREWSBURY** 40 Wyle Cop **SOUTHAMPTON** 103 St Mary St. **SOUTHEND** 39 Eastern Esplanade **STOKE** 62 Piccadilly, Hanley **WAKEFIELD** 71 Doncaster Rd. **WORCESTER** 18 Lowesmoor ●●● **SCOTLAND — EDINBURGH** 60 Elm Row, Leith Walk **GLASGOW** 319 Gallowgate ●●● **WALES — CARDIFF** 9 Mill Lane **SWANSEA** 3 Dillwyn St. ●●● **N. IRELAND — BELFAST** 31 Gresham St.

SP15

THE INTERNATIONALLY FAMOUS

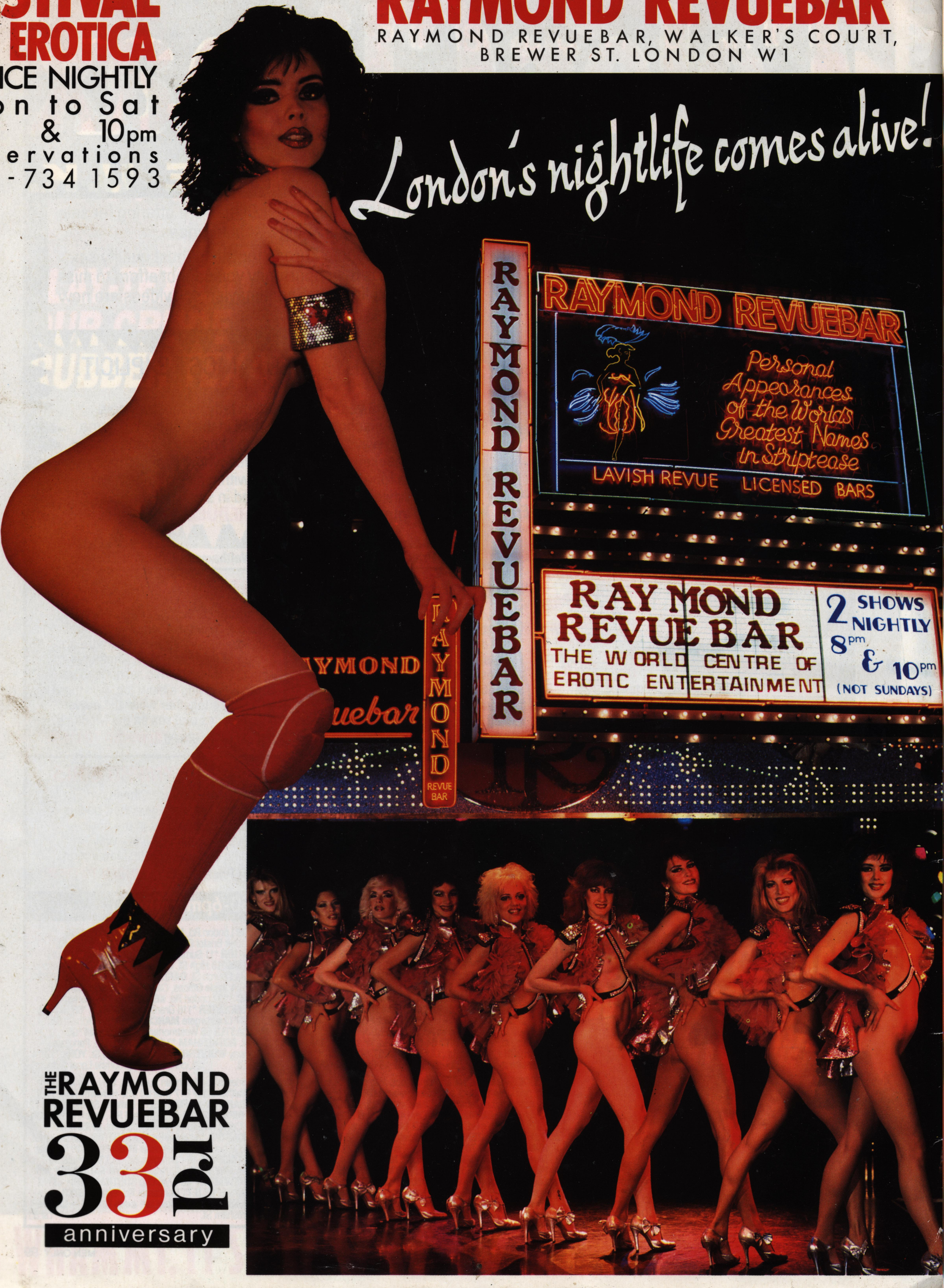
FESTIVAL OF EROTICA

TWICE NIGHTLY
Mon to Sat
8pm & 10pm
Reservations
071-734 1593

THE WORLD'S CENTRE OF EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT

RAYMOND REVUEBAR

RAYMOND REVUEBAR, WALKER'S COURT,
BREWER ST. LONDON W1


London's nightlife comes alive!
RAYMOND REVUEBAR
RAYMOND REVUEBAR
Personal Appearances of the Worlds Greatest Names in Striptease
LAVISH REVUE
LICENSED BARS
RAYMOND REVUE BAR
THE WORLD CENTRE OF EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY
8pm & 10pm
(NOT SUNDAYS)
RAYMOND
Revuebar
RAYMOND REVUE BAR

THE RAYMOND REVUEBAR

33rd

anniversary